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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXII. No. 832. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1922. TWOPENCE.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

Mohawk's Turkish "Selected" Cigarettes

Have the pleasing properties of the world-famed Dubec growth of Turkish Tobacco.

1/- for 20

B. Morris & Sons, Ltd. London, E.

1,280 INSURANCE CLAIMS PAID

Whitehall seething with Spies!

Endorsed by British Dental Authority

Gibbs Dentifrice costs less, does more good and goes farther than any other dentifrice—British Dental Authority endorses it as being the *only* dental preparation needed from childhood to age.

Clean, sound teeth mean—

Lifelong good health, joyous spirits and an attractive appearance. Gibbs is the safe, sure, natural way to a healthy mouth and sound, clean teeth—a shilling case of Gibbs Dentifrice lasts for over three months—gleaming white teeth and a refreshed mouth at a cost of less than half-a-farthing a day.

Compounded with infinite care

Every ingredient in Gibbs Dentifrice is there for a definite purpose. The saponaceous base removes the greasy deposits of fermented food from the teeth. The incredibly fine polishing agent puts a high, protecting polish on the enamel and the antiseptic foam penetrates into all the crevices of the teeth and mouth, destroying decay germs and leaving the mouth healthy and refreshed.

This Voucher Entitles you to useful Trial Samples.

For Lady's Trial Package Send this half and 7d.

Please send me a Lady's Package containing: Gibbs Dentifrice. Gibbs Dental Cream. Gibbs Cold Cream Soap. Gibbs Cold Cream Cream.

For both Packages send whole Voucher and One Shilling.

Please send me a Gentleman's Trial Package containing: Gibbs Cold Cream Shaving Soap. Gibbs Dentifrice. Gibbs Dental Cream. Gibbs Brilliantine.

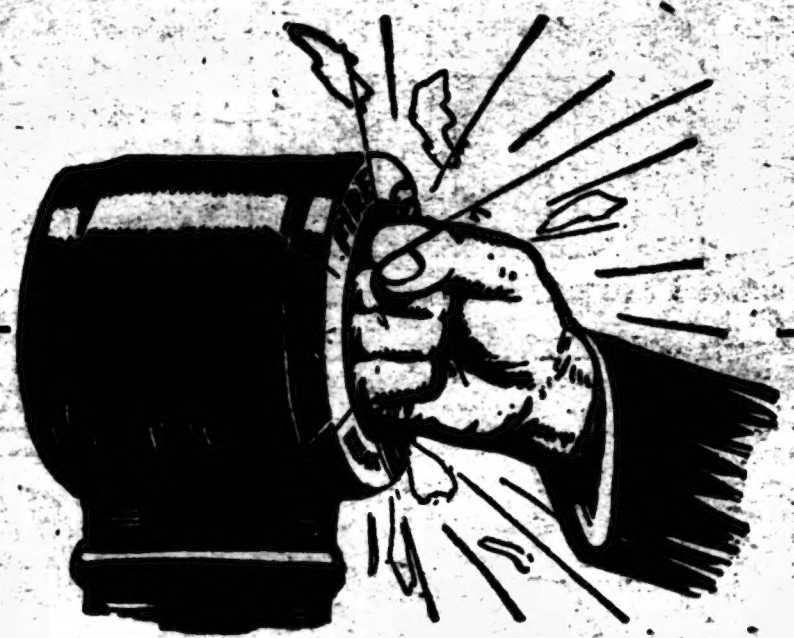
Send this half and 7d. for Gentleman's Trial Package.

Put this Voucher, or half, to a sheet of paper with your name and address clearly written, and post with 7d. or 1/- to

D. & W. GIBBS, Ltd. (Dept. 4218), Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.1.

Gibbs Dentifrice

Large Size, 1/-.
De Luxe, 1/6.
Refills for above, 11d.
Popular Size, 7½d.
Tubes, 7½d. & 1/-.



WHEN in a frenzy you sound the alarm,

does the awful thought flash across your mind that you forgot to insure? You will sound the alarm with a stouter heart if you have first taken the precaution to insure with "JOHN BULL." Like a thief in the night comes Fire when you least expect it. Read what "JOHN BULL" pays in case of fire and accident and sign the forms below NOW.

Household Benefits.

£300—damage by fire.
£600—death of husband and wife due to fire.
£300—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.
£250 or **£125**—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£100—damage by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.
£100—damage by hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.
£300—damage by aeroplanes, airships or other aerial craft.
£300—damage by riots and civil commotion.
£100—damage by storm, tempest or flood.
£100—damage by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.
£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers.
£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.

£500 or **£250**—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye, under similar circumstances.
£10—Medical Fees.
£6 per week for both or £3 per week for either up to 6 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers, or fire.
£2 per week maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

Accidents in Home, Garden, Hotel or Boarding House.

250—loss of life.
£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes or one limb and one eye.
£125—loss of one limb or one eye.
£3 per week up to four weeks for disablement by fracture.
£1 per week (after the first week) up to four weeks for ALL ACCIDENTS.

You can post your Coupon for ½d., now. Sign to-day!

CUT HERE

J.B. 9.9.22. POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't send envelope. Date .....A full Policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

J.B. 9.9.22. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Date.....

1,280 Claims Paid 89 this week!

FIRE.

REDDITCH.—H. MILLS, 10, Maredon Road. Damage to Clothing.
NORFOLK.—M. E. SHELDRAKE, 9, Providence Terrace, Swaffham. Damage to Household Effects.
MILFORD HAVEN.—Mrs. E. HORAN, 85, Waterloo Road, Hakin. Damage to Clothing.
REGENT'S PARK, N.W.—G. M. WILLIAMSON, 203, Albany Street. Damage to Clothing.
RHONDDA.—Mrs. M. HARTERRE, 10, Sunny Bank, Dinas. Damage to Household Effects.
KIRKCALDY.—J. W. MCCATHIE, 1, Rosebank, Victoria Road. Damage to Clothing.
BRISTOL.—L. J. WRIGHT, 4, Brandon Villas, Charlotte Street. Damage to Clothing.
STOURBRIDGE.—Mrs. H. ALLINGTON, 10, The Furlongs, Old Swinford. Damage to Clothing.
NR. CHEPSTOW, MON.—H. DAVIS, 2, Broad Rock, Woodcroft. Damage to Clothing.
PORTLAND.—Mrs. I. CHALK, 29, St. Martin's Road. Damage to Clothing.
WIGAN, LANCS.—T. W. BIBBY, 13, Warrington Lane. Damage to Clothing.
BOLTON.—S. BANAGAN, 138, Sidney Street. Damage to Clothing.
CANTERBURY.—Mrs. E. CULLEN, 39, Black Griffin Lane. Damage to Clothing.
LIVERPOOL, S.—H. J. J. BUCHANAN, 5, Court House, Mann Street. Damage to Household Effects.
WAVERTREE.—Mrs. A. M. LEWIS, 3, Newhouse Road. Damage to Clothing.

STORM AND FLOOD.

MELTON MOWBRAY.—J. W. GOTOBED, 2, Ann Street. Damage to Household Effects.
CHESTERFIELD.—J. T. FRENCH, "Ferndale," Vincent Crescent, Brampton. Damage to Household Effects.
SKELTON IN CLEVELAND.—C. JACKSON, 37, Richard Street, North Skelton. Damage to Household Effects.
BRISTOL.—A. J. CLEVELY, 21, Boston Road, Horfield. Damage to Glass.
SOUTHFIELDS, S.W. 18.—A. H. AUSTIN, 170, Astonville Street, S.W. 18. Damage to Household Effects.

ACCIDENTS (£3 per week).

KIRKCALDY.—Mrs. R. MACDONALD, 130, Mid Street, Pathhead, Kirkcaldy.
EDINBURGH.—J. MACFARLANE, 170, Canongate.
WINTON.—Mrs. N. WYATT, 11, Alma Road.
BRIXTON.—Mrs. M. HAWKINS, 377, Lyham Road.

HOME ACCIDENTS (£1 per week)

NORFOLK.—W. WILLOUGHBY, North Pool, Swaffham.
DOVER.—F. TYRELL, 7, Old Park Road, Buckland.
POOLE.—Mrs. G. MUNDEN, 44, Strand Street.
GARNDIFFAITH. — Mrs. SHEARMAN, Viaduct Road.
KENT.—J. MEDHURST, Barden Farm Cott., near Speldhurst.
FOREST FACH.—F. D. MARTIN, Station Road.
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD.—G. WALTER, 3, Grove Road.
DEPTFORD.—Mrs. L. BAXTER, 63, Lucas Street.
STEPNEY.—H. MAINSTONE, 22, King John Street.
MIDDLESBRO'. — Mrs. E. PARSONS, 50, Cooper Street, Newport.
LEAMINGTON SPA (Near). — Mrs. EVERS, Church Hill, Cubbington.
LESMAHAGOW.—Mrs. DYET, Meadow House.
OSWESTRY.—Mrs. JOHNSON, School House, Lake Vyrnwy, near Oswestry.
PRESCOT.—Mrs. AINDOW, Boathouse, Knowsley Park.
NORTHAMPTON.—W. BAKER, 5, Beaconsfield Terrace, Towcester.
GRANGEMOUTH.—Mrs. H. OATWAY 196, Marshall Street.
BURNLEY.—L. STOCKDALE, 14, Whitpark Street.
MONKSWOOD.—Mrs. E. PAYNE, Burnett Cottage.
SLOUGH.—V. FIELD, Chapel Cottage, Chippenham.
HORSFORTH.—Mrs. GOODHIND, 48, Rose Terrace.
SALISBURY.—Mrs. A. GODFREY, 3, Bethesda Cott., Chapel Lane, Shrewton.
PLYMOUTH.—E. ROSEVEAR, 45, Lisson Grove, Mutley.
CAMBRIDGE.—C. GREY, 16, East Road.
LLANELLY.—Mrs. R. JONES, 4, Marine Street.
WAKEFIELD. — Mrs. MOORHOUSE, 19, Crystal Place, John Street.
KILSBY, near Rugby.—Mrs. W. MASON, Hall Close.
CARDENDEN, FIFE.—A. D. MILLER, 12, 17th Street, Cardenden.
CHEPSTOW.—Mrs. S. A. HEWER, Broadrock, Woodcroft, Tidenham.
ST. HELENS.—Mrs. A. E. HARRISON, 56, Ormskirk Street.
HULL.—G. F. WALLIS, 1, Denmark Street, Bright Street, Holderness Road.
LEWISHAM.—Mrs. F. STEVENS, 261, High Street.
GOOLE.—Mrs. F. SLEGEL, 5, Adam Street.
RHONDDA.—M. HARCOMBE, 17, Lewis Street, Penygraig.
TWYFORD, BERKS.—R. T. GEARING, 39, Brook Street.
BIRMINGHAM.—H. GREEN, 175, New John Street, W. Hockley.
KENT.—Mrs. J. T. FOSTER, 3, West End Cottages, Appledore, near Ashford.
STAMFORD.—Mrs. C. BELLAMY, Empingham.
LONDON, W.11.—Miss M. B. HALIFAX, G. Flat, Chapel Road Mansions, W.11.
EAST HAM.—Mrs. E. M. SUCKLING, 168, Clements Road.
FULHAM, W.—A. J. LITTLE, 42, Lochaline Street.
LEESWOOD, MOLD.—L. DINGLEY, Bryn Hyfryd.
HARRINGAY, N.—Mrs. C. L. CLIFTON, 169, Wightman Road.
GT. HOUGHTON.—Mrs. S. BALDWIN, Hall Croft.
SOUTH SHIELDS.—Mrs. E. ROBSON, 59, Oxford Street.
LONDON, W. 1.—Mrs. G. VERNEY, 7, Grey Street, Manchester Square.
IPSWICH.—E. S. BRILL, 43, South Street.
LONDON, S.E.—Mrs. ODGERS, 136, Manor Place, Walworth Road.
ISLE OF WIGHT.—C. SMITH, Clematis Dairy, Newchurch.
PONTYPOOL, MON.—Mrs. E. WILLIAMS, 32, Chapel Lane.
HOLLOWAY, N.—Mrs. G. HOARE, 102, George's Road.
PADDINGTON.—A. RICHARDSON, 29, Delamere Terrace.
TAMWORTH.—W. CROWLEY, 223, Long Street, Dordon.
MACCLESFIELD.—F. B. DAVENPORT, 26, Bridge Street.
FOREST HILL.—A. H. PHILLIPS, 27, Como Road.
DONCASTER.—J. H. HALL, 1, Cleveland Square.
KEITH, BANFFS.—Miss M. CLARK, Turner Memorial Hospital.
CARDIFF.—H. PENGELLY, 63, Leckwith Road.
DEVON.—Mrs. E. CLEGG, 8, Whilborough, Ipplepen.
SPENNYMOOR.—Mrs. E. MYERS, 6, Villiers Street.
GLASGOW.—T. MATHESON, c.o. Spaulding, 6, Weir Street.
LONDON, S.W.—F. SHEPHARD, 168, Robertson Street, Queen's Road, Battersea.
WHITSTABLE.—Mrs. M. L. ROWDEN, 54, Middle Wall.
SWANSEA.—Mrs. M. E. HARGEST, 8, Belle Vue Street.
BOLTON.—Mrs. M. BARTON, 649, Chorley Road, West Houghton.
MONMOUTH.—Mrs. A. GREEN, 19, Glandwr Street, Aberbeeg.

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AGENTS wanted to sell the Castle Series Private Christmas Cards.—Apply, Box 158, Castle Publishing Company, Cheapside, Preston.

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£5 to £10 weekly can easily be earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to H. Lovaine, (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

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BUILD up a Mail-Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Tavistock Chambers, Nottingham.

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"Small Ads. Worth Watching."
Continued on page 22.
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Week ending Saturday,
Sept. 9, 1922. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

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For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth,

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

The Better Way.
So the Germans went to Paris to talk reparations. Wouldn't it have been far better if the Allies had gone to Berlin originally?

Watch Mesopotamia!
As we foretold some weeks ago, more trouble is brewing in Mesopotamia. That blessed word, and place, has cost us hundreds of millions. Mr. Churchill is a luxury, not a necessity.

The New Shaw!
Bernard Shaw used to be the mysterious Mr. Shaw. Now the Duke of Northumberland has discovered another Shaw who is "wrapt in mystery."

The Way of Honour.
By the way, the telegraphic address of Mr. Shaw, is: "Doorway, Knights, London." It seems appropriate to the gateway of Fame.

Safety First.
At least one man who professed to be able to obtain honours at bargain prices has found it desirable to go abroad, leaving no address to which the invitation to give evidence before the Royal Commission could be directed.

Too Good to Miss.
The appointment to the vacant post of Lord Justice Clerk at the Scottish Bar will not be made until Mr. Munro returns from his tour of the Western Isles. But he means to take the job. So that's that.

The Limit.
Some people are such slaves to the fetish of cheapness that it makes them forget every other duty and responsibility. German monumental masons are working overtime fashioning headstones for the graves of our heroes in France, while demobbed British masons are drawing the dole.

Keeping Them Quiet.
When the Nottingham unemployed sent a deputation of five to interview the Guardians on the subject of outdoor relief, the Clerk promptly offered jobs to all five. We congratulate the deputation, but this is not the proper way for a public body to deal with a public grievance.

A Blow for Pussyfoot.
Sweden has rejected Prohibition—precisely what one would expect from a country with a "Punch" in it.

Harmless Thunderbolts.
The Allies are going to sentence German war-criminals by default. First catch your hare and then cook it is proverbial wisdom. The war-criminals are quite enjoying the joke.

Transatlantic Service.
Governor Cox says that he hopes America's service to Europe will be that of a physician, not an undertaker. Certainly a sick Europe is an anxiety to America.

Calling in the Bankers.
Colonel House recommends a convening of the Bankers' Conference to deal with reparations. It is sound business to call in bankers to settle a business matter. The politicians' way is sound and fury, signifying nothing.

A Crying Shame.
There are thirty-four thousand blind people in this country, and our blind institutions are short of funds. We cannot afford to increase the Government grants—the money is sunk in Mesopotamia.

Milk Faking.
Of the milk samples officially analysed in London last year only 5.1 were adulterated, as against 6.7 in 1920 and 7.7 in 1919. This delightful restraint imbues us with hope that, despite a long rainy season, the record will be improved upon in the present year.

Steeplejack-asses.
Crowds gathered at Hebden Bridge, Halifax, to watch steeplejacks doing trick-cycling performances on a chimney-stack for a five pound bet. The fool, according to his folly, may risk his own life. He ought to be prosecuted for endangering the lives of the spectators.

"Cute."
"The cute little American girl who runs Lloyd George" is how one Yankee writer describes Lady Astor in a whole page eulogy of this heaven sent Virginian. One wonders whether the Premier or the Lady has most cause to feel flattered.

An English Deauville.
It has been suggested that we should establish an English Deauville. There is not much chance of success in a scheme of this sort so long as our holiday resorts are run by local killjoys and sanctimonious, super-sabbatarian shopkeepers.

Lord Northcliffe's Proverb.
Lord Northcliffe used to say that "where there's a will, there's—a lawsuit." Another example of his remarkable prescience.

Liner Piracy.
Really the big shipping companies ought to do something to cope with the professional thieves who frequent their boats. They are most of them known. Why allow them to travel?

Tickets, Please!
It is time that the railway companies relaxed the arbitrary rule which entitles them to enrich themselves by the full fare when one leaves one's "season" at home. A small fine should meet the case.

Tino's Troubles.
There will be no sympathy in this country with the Greeks, even though misled by Mr. Lloyd George's speeches. Their best plan is to go home. Europe has troubles enough without shouldering Tino's.

Our Young Barbarians.
The *Daily Graphic* published a picture of a school-boy presenting to his master a collection of birds' eggs for a school museum. Can we not educate our children without threatening extinction to our wild birds?

The Inevitable.
Sooner or later it was bound to come. The agent of ar. American film producer has been authorised to ask the Premier to "name his price" for appearing in an historical spectacle play covering the great war period.

Work, Houses, or Workhouses?
A Cabinet Committee is meeting regularly to provide the wherewithal for work this winter for the unemployed. Why? Why don't they ask Lloyd George about his election pledge of work for all and houses for all. Or was it *workhouses*?

Musical Chairs.
Sir Robert Horne, disappointed that he is not to secure legal promotion, is itching for some change, and there is talk of his going to the Foreign Office to succeed Lord Curzon. That would suit Churchill, who wants the Exchequer.

A Matter of Form.
The Lambeth tenant who recovered fifteen pounds rent because the agent filled in the increase form wrongly, has found a small army of followers. The new game of getting a bit of your own back is enjoying wide popularity with everybody, except the landlords.

Why the Distinction?

A junior clerk who drew on confidential documents in the Whitehall archives for a book on secret history of the War would land in gaol for breach of the Officials Secrets Act, but a Premier in the same position is able to land a record price for his book. Why?

Our Costly Police.

Six hefty plain clothes men, the pick of the "Yard," have been told off to watch a London betting house. Next door is the foulest sink of iniquity imaginable, and under the eyes of the "sleuths" clients and innocent girl victims pass nightly. Truly Justice is blind as well as costly.

"Nothing for 5d."

Our recent criticism, under the above caption, of the attitude of the Clapham Junction Labour Exchange towards the girls who are periodically discharged from the Welsbach Mantle Factory has, we are glad to say, been effective. The girls now receive the treatment they are entitled to in respect of unemployment pay, and have been generous in the expression of gratitude for our interest on their behalf.

"The Shame of the Shambles."

The urgency for reform in the matter of slaughtering animals for food becomes even more manifest when it is disclosed that in many private slaughterhouses throughout the country —which are exempt from supervision—"executions" take place on Sundays so as to avoid unwelcome inspection. Rarely, in such cases, is the "humane killer" used. This "hole and corner" practice must be stopped.

A Scots Humorist.

At least one Scots humorist has found his way south. Having access to the Houses of Parliament as the unpaid secretary of a thrifty countryman, he has paid himself by running a turf tipster's business from the building. Naturally those in authority are not anxious that the facts should come out. The extent to which the House can be used as an accommodation address would surprise most people.

Hindering Housing.

Now and then the Health Ministry does something to justify its existence. For instance, its circular to local authorities asking them to repeal all by-laws likely to hinder buildings which are not really necessary for safety and sanitation. Such antiquated shackles should have been scrapped long ago, and it is consoling to know that the official mind has at last woke up and realises this important fact.

Tempting Others.

The Highgate Magistrate was quite right in his condemnation of the folly of the young women who leave their bags, often containing money and valuables, lying about on the grass, while they play tennis in public parks. It is absolutely thrusting temptation on children and adults none too well endowed with this world's goods. Like the Magistrate, we have not much sympathy for tennis players whose property is lost through such carelessness.

A Portsmouth Protest.

In the interests of national economy, the Admiralty are right in reducing pay, wherever possible, in the Royal Dockyards. But we are inclined to agree with a complaint from Portsmouth that the men selected to suffer the "cut" are those least able to bear it. To reduce by £10 a year the wages of a skilled labourer of twenty years' service, earning only 37s. a week, is too drastic. Why not, instead, dispense with some of the redundant foremen, inspectors, and chargemen?

A Panel Protest.

The Ministry of Health has done good service in compelling panel doctors with lock-up surgeries to facilitate communication with them at reasonable hours. Sickness does not work, like a civil servant, from ten till four.

Our "Little Brothers."

We should like to be satisfied that the 7,000 experiments which were made without the use of anæsthetics on living animals during the past twelve months, in the course of cancer research, were necessary, if they were not entirely painless. Otherwise, the needless agony they entailed must have been appalling.

Hamburg Humbug.

Hans Isebarn, of 19, Faberstr., Hamburg, has lately been trying to engineer into the English newspapers an advertisement offering a "new suite of Chesterfield furniture for £40—cash on delivery . . ." The price does *not* strike us as being remarkably cheap—but, anyway, we don't see why £40 should be sent into Germany for goods we can make better and cheaper at home.

A Parson and a Man.

We raise our hat to the Rev. Frank Jennings, Curate of St. Cuthbert's, Bedlington, Northumberland, who, when the parishioners imagined him to be enjoying an unorthodox holiday, was in disguise living the life of a "down and out" in the slums of Newcastle, studying the terrible conditions there at first hand, and consorting with sinners—if not with publicans. No wonder he fills his church.

The Hedge of Beyond.

While the Ministry of Transport are neglecting to whip local authorities into a sense of their responsibilities under the Highways Act, the lives and limbs of motorists and the pedestrian public are being daily imperilled. Under this Act, if there be any obstruction by a hedge or tree the owner of the land can be compelled to lop it. It is obviously time the Ministry compelled the local Surveyors to get a move on.

Evictions Made Easy.

The Ryhope Coal Company required the use of seventeen of their houses, occupied by war widows, for the accommodation of a number of miners. No costly and unpleasant Court proceedings were taken, but the Company offered the widows fifteen pounds each if they would vacate the premises. In each case the offer was accepted, and it is to be hoped that the Company's easy methods will often be copied by other landlords.

Two Sides to the Question.

The case of the miners, ably put by a correspondent in a recent issue, has another aspect. When the Lanarkshire mine-owners threw open their pits on Saturdays, so that miners might work the sixth shift, the Mineworkers' Union decided that no miner should work more than five days a week. Many pitmen ignored the Union's pickets and profited accordingly. Trade Unions may have done good in the past, but to-day they are not unmixed blessings.

Betrayed Heroes.

"Back to the land" was an attractive catchphrase during demobilisation days, but some ex-Service men who acted on it, and set up as smallholders, are finding the experience less attractive than the phrase. Many of them are paying excessive rents, in some cases more than double that paid by their farmer neighbours, and prices realised by the sale of produce are not balancing the ledger. Betraying heroes seems to have been a profitable business for some people.

Bumble Blunders.

Recently the Longton (Cumberland) Guardians decided to pay good conduct money, ranging from a penny to threepence, to the children under their care. Doubtless because the Local Government Board would surcharge them, the Guardians have now revoked the coppers. What says Sir Alfred Mond?

Cooled Back.

A simple illustration of how the slump of the German mark works against us is the fact that the controllers of the Berlin gasworks are reducing their purchases of coal from this country and buying it from Poland, where the exchange is more in accord with their idea of the fitness of things.

Kill-Joy Froth.

It is a good job for Southend that the Rev. Denniss Cooper, a local Congregational minister, cannot deliver ukases. "Sunday kinemas!" he exclaimed, at a meeting. "If I had my way I would keep people out of them all the week, or at any rate from those that open on Sunday." Fortunately, the frothings of the Rev. Denniss are confined to "ifs."

A Sympathetic Skipper.

Not only all the nice girls, but all decent men, must love a sailor like Captain J. Byrne, R.N.R., Master of the R.M.S. Packet Co.'s liner *Vandyck*, who, when a young stowaway was found aboard his ship at Southampton, instead of having him arrested, gave him a job as able seaman, being impressed by his war service and pitying his unemployment. That is the sort of deed that shines brightly in this naughty world.

Rightful Ruthlessness.

It would be a good thing if the foul wretches found interfering with little girls in our open spaces could all be brought up before Mr. Rooth, the Lambeth Magistrate, who recently sentenced a park pest named Percy Taylor (43), an engineer of Brixton, to four months' hard labour for shameful conduct towards two little girls—the elder 6½ years old—in Ruskin Park. In the absence of the "cat," hard labour is the next best deterrent.

A Double Loss.

For seven months there has been no trace of Frank Eltome, a disabled ex-soldier who set out from Oxford on a twenty-mile walk, and is supposed to have suffered a lapse of memory. He had lost an eye, and was drawing a weekly pension of £1, plus 11s. 9d. for his wife and two young children. Since his disappearance the authorities have withheld the pension and the family is left destitute. Will Mr. Macpherson please look into the matter?

Nemesis at Neubaldensleben.

Mr. William Hohenzollern, exile of Doorn, will regret to hear the painful news that the Borough Council of Neubaldensleben, in Saxony, have determined that the statue erected to his glory in the town shall be broken up and cast into organ pipes. Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, may stop a hole to keep the wind away. The statue of the ex-Kaiser, turned into pipes for the local church organ, will now have charms to soothe the savage breast.

Pension and Poor Law.

In the Union Hospital the Barnet Guardians have set aside a ward for paying patients, the minimum fee being two guineas a week. An old age pensioner is one of these, his relatives regularly paying the charge. The Pension Committee have, however, stopped his grant on the ground that he is in receipt of Poor Law relief. In accepting this decision the Ministry of Health shows neither wisdom nor justice.

Warrior and Workhouse.

It is a shocking thing that James McDonald, who served from 1914 to 1919, and left the Army with an "exemplary character," should now be reduced to the necessity of seeking, with his wife and three little daughters, the shelter of Paddington Workhouse because of destitution. We may have won the war; but we have failed dismally to win the peace.

Hard Luck.

We can quite understand the outburst of the Bexhill boatman against the 4s. 6d. presented to him as expenses for attending the inquest on a man who had already cost him nearly £30. The poor fellow had lost his boat, spent money in searching for the man who hired it, and had been deprived of the results of a good business day. It is a pity the Court could not have been a little more generous.

A Night Thrill.

Hearing a rumbling noise in the small hours, a party of Portsmouth police surrounded a building, a constable scaled a ladder and squeezed himself through a small window—and, after careful search, discovered that the noise was made by a clock suffering from some sort of mechanical malady. We would dearly love to see the official report of the occurrence. No doubt it makes thrilling reading.

Make Way for Bertie!

Bertie Taylor, of Queen's Gardens, Ealing, apparently believes that the universe exists for his sole convenience. Bertie has a motor-car, and not wishing to be delayed by a crowd of people at a tramcar halt at Kingston, Bertie drove his car into them. Luckily no one was hurt; but Bertie received a well-deserved lesson in other people's rights by being fined £7 with 25s. costs. Bertie will find taking a 'bus cheaper and safer—for other people as well as himself.

A Tryer.

William Johnson, "house agent," of 107, Charlotte Street, W., does not mean to miss anything. His terms to persons wanting rooms are 10s. down and a further 10s. on occupation. One of his intended clients decided to rely on newspaper advertisements instead, and soon found and secured for himself the accommodation he required. Judge his amazement when he received a bill for 10s. from Mr. Johnson "for rooms procured"—which, needless to say, was not paid.

Little Girl's Ordeal.

Thomas and Agnes Church were charged at Port Talbot with illtreating their little daughter, aged seven and a half years. The medical evidence proved that the girl's body was covered with bruises and scratches too numerous to mention. Some were several weeks old, and some of recent date. To the amazement of all, Thomas Church was merely fined £5 and his wife £10 for their brutal and monstrous offences! The mentality of some Magistrates simply passes all comprehension.

The Dear Vicar.

Under stress of absolute poverty, having no money to buy coal, two women went into a wood on the property of the Earl of Lichfield, at Great Haywood, to get some fuel. The Vicar, passing by, told them they were trespassing and ordered them away. Then he went to the police and laid a complaint, as a result of which they were charged with doing damage to the extent of 1s. and ordered to pay 5s. 6d. costs each. How pleased the Earl must be to have such a good, kind Vicar to look after his trees for him!

Dangerous Icecream.

For twelve years John Panetta, a citizen of sunny Italy, made icecream in a foul stable, for consumption by unsuspecting Folkestone visitors and residents. Luckily he does not seem to have poisoned anybody, but we hardly think the £1 fine inflicted on him by the local Magistrates was sufficient punishment for such a filthy and dangerous offence.

Five Years in Purgatory.

Although there had been other complaints about a Lee (Kent) girl of 14, charged before Mr. Fleming with obtaining one shilling's worth of sweets by false pretences, we consider that his sentence of five years in a reformatory unduly severe. We know something of reformatories, and can pity any young girl, however naughty, who is condemned to such purgatory for so long a term.

Forbidden Fruit.

Mr. W. P. Gibbins, formerly Mayor of Carlisle, evidently believes in making the punishment fit the crime. When three boys were charged at Maryport with stealing apples, Mr. Gibbins suggested that the best punishment for such misdemeanors would be to make boys eat all the green and sour apples they stole! Doubtless the medical fraternity will agree with him; but probably most parents would prefer the more orthodox fine.

Mother Love.

An erring daughter, a loving, pleading mother, and a sympathetic Magistrate provided a touching tableau at Aldershot Police Court the other day, when a girl, aged nineteen, was charged with wandering. "I am her mother; let me take her home," proved an irresistible plea. "Take her home," said the humane Cadi; "it is pleasing to know that there are still mothers who would go to the end of the earth for their daughters." Such incidents as this afford a welcome relief to the drabness of our police courts.

A Gallant Fight.

Edward Allen, of Barnton, near Northwich, a slave to drink, fought his master hard, and for a time conquered, only to be beaten again. The last time he was seen alive, he was standing on the bank of the Weaver, looking haggard. Later his body was found in the river. In returning a verdict of "Found Drowned," the Coroner remarked that it was a pathetic case. It was poignant human drama.

A Brute and His Dog.

The method of killing a dog adopted by a brute named Charles Pike, was to run about a field taking pot shots at it, break the gun across its head, and then cut its throat. For this atrocious cruelty he was fined £5 and allowed a week to pay, the Crediton Bench remarking that they regarded the case as a serious one. What unmentionable brutalities would they consider deserving of imprisonment?

Herded in Squalor.

A bad case of extortionate sub-letting has just come to light in the Manchester district. Each room of a seven-roomed house, including the kitchen, has been sub-let at six shillings and sixpence a week—the result being that each family has to eat, drink, sleep, work, and cook in the single apartment. One of the families consists of a mother and five children, who all sleep in one bed. It really appears that nothing less than a raging epidemic throughout the land will awaken the authorities to the extreme gravity of the housing shortage.

Time and Money.

Those who pride themselves on their faculties of quick thinking and rapid discernment should note that we are offering a First Prize of £500 in a one-week "Bullets" Competition, particulars of which will be found on page 27. The closing date is September 14th, so there is no time to lose. Get to work at once and see whether *you* cannot win this splendid prize.

STRANGE THINGS SEEN AT GUERNSEY

By ARNOLD BENNETT

GUERNSEY is the great fruit-and-produce island, whose principal customer is England. Its surface is covered, and some of its beauty spoiled, by immense greenhouses—greenhouses as large as railway termini—greenhouses that you would think could exist only in dreams, vast crowded prisons of forced plants. Its roads are patrolled by great motor-vehicles that do nothing but collect baskets of fruit and produce from the farms and disgorge the baskets on Whiterock Pier at St. Peter Port, capital of the State of Guernsey.

The most characteristic and vital phenomenon of St. Peter Port is baskets full of fruit and produce continually descending shoots into the holds of steamers. These baskets slither down, one running quietly after the next, all day and every day (except Sunday), monotonously, endlessly, maddeningly. You would think that if the inhabitants of the entire globe devoted their whole time to eating fruit and produce they could scarcely keep level with the incalculable contents of these steamers. Just as the people of certain parts of France live in and by and for wine, so the inhabitants of the very prosperous island of Guernsey live in and by and for fruit and produce.

Well, I was standing on the Whiterock Pier and I beheld an enormous pile of baskets full of fruit, and I thought I would examine the labels on the baskets and see where the magnificent fruit (plums) of which I had a glimpse through the wicker was going to.

Well, it wasn't going anywhere. It had come. It had come to Guernsey. It had come from Evesham in England to the fruit-island. I could at first hardly believe my eyes. I should have been less surprised to see coal unloaded on the quays of Newcastle. But my eyes were not mistaken. Presently the hundreds of packages were carried off the pier in motor-vans. It pays people to grow fruit round about Evesham, gather it, and send it by train to Southampton, unload it off the train on to a steamer, and despatch the steamer to Guernsey, where the fruit is unpacked and sold at a profit!

This strange affair taught me a lesson about coming to hasty conclusions in such a complex and bewildering matter as overseas trade.

I know prominent persons in England who, if they infested Guernsey, would kick up a dreadful row about English competition and the necessity of safe-guarding home industries, and who would put a duty on English fruit. Guernsey, however, does not do this. Nevertheless the fruit industry flourishes there. Indeed everything in Guernsey seems to be cheap except fruit. You can buy a decent cigar for less than you can buy a decent fig. Strange!

WHITEHALL SEETHING WITH SPIES

Potential Assassins who Watch and Wait

MURDERERS in the Ministries! Potential assassins, ready at any time to commit any crime that their fanatical leaders may order, drawing salaries and qualifying for pensions from the British taxpayer! It sounds like an overdrawn picture from some grim melodrama, but it is only sober truth which those who know the ramifications of the Irish Terrorist organisations in and around London can confirm.

The disclosure made at the time of the assassination of Sir Henry Wilson, when one of his murderers was found to be in the employment of one of the Ministries and in that capacity had facilities for close approach to heads of Departments of State, from the Premier downward, was a plain enough hint to those in authority that things were not as they should be. But the hint was not taken, and purblind officialdom is going on its easy-going way until some other grim tragedy brings a ruder awakening.

Right from the start the Irish Terrorist organisers have realised the value of having trusted men in the Ministries, to serve as spies and to be ready to carry out any acts of vengeance that might be decreed on the persons of those who serve the British Empire.

To that end a special propaganda section of the militant organisation has always devoted attention to enrolling recruits among all grades of Civil Servants in Whitehall, from the lowliest messenger to the highest departmental "head."

The measure of their success can be seen by those who care to take the trouble to cultivate the members of any of the extreme Irish bodies in London. It will be found that some of the most uncompromising Republicans and Terrorists, the men who talk loudest of avenging the supposed wrongs of Ireland on the bodies of British Statesmen, are men who eat the salt of the British Government, deriving their sole means of livelihood from the British taxpayer, and not infrequently hatching plots and executing them in the time and at the expense of their employers.

There are still many unpunished crimes against property and person in the United Kingdom, crimes that have baffled the best brains of Scotland Yard. They have been baffled because the authorities never dreamed of looking for the culprits where they could be found—within a stone throw of the Yard itself, among men who presumably took the oath of allegiance to the King when they entered into his service.

It is not a matter of suspicion alone. The men referred to are known to hundreds of their fellow countrymen in London. They boast openly of their exploits, and are proud of their cleverness in hoodwinking the British authorities from whom they derive their salaries.

The people who found out and struck down poor "Mick" Collins in the midst of his troops are in the closest touch with their comrades in Whitehall. They know that when they choose to give the order they can strike at others beside Collins and Sir Henry Wilson. They even boast that they can strike at the Prime Minister and Sir Hamar Greenwood, to mention only two of the men they have marked down for attack when they think it necessary to make a savage "reprisal" for some fancied wrong.

On the roll of the Terrorist organisation there are special marks against those who are in Government offices in London, the men who would be selected as executioners, just as O'Sullivan was, when the Terrorist Junto in Ireland elects to give the order for another assassination.

The ease with which the blow could be struck, given the will to strike it—and our Secret Service men are only too well aware that the will exists—may be gathered from the admitted fact that, while employed in Whitehall, O'Sullivan was more than once alone with the Premier. And O'Sullivan was not the only one with this easy access to Ministers and others who serve the Empire.

The authorities know more than they care to disclose regarding the activities of the Irish Terrorist gangs and their sympathisers in and around London. It should not be beyond their power to obtain the names of all such people in Government employment, and there should be a clean sweep of the potential assassins, who ought never to have been admitted to State employment at all.

It is true that so far they have not attempted to put into action any of the threats that have been freely uttered against responsible Ministers of the Crown, but that is no proof that they will not sooner or later do so if events in Ireland provide them with what they consider to be justification, and it is certainly no reason why they should be left with this power to strike when they feel like it.

Apart from their capacity for killing at will, there is the service they are able to render to their friends, and to other enemies of the British Empire, by revealing the secrets that come under their notice every day in the course of their employment.

Already one very distinguished public servant has drawn attention inside to this peril, but apparently those in authority in Whitehall do not realise the danger as they ought.

FRAUD AND FARCE

Ludicrous Leniency

WE do not usually complain when a Judge or Magistrate, in dealing with a female prisoner, tempers justice with mercy.

But we must protest against the sentence imposed by Mr. H. H. Green, Chairman of the Ramsgate Bench, on Emma Harriet Norris, who was convicted of obtaining, by false pretences, and with intent to defraud, sums of money amounting to £21 15s. 5d. from the Ramsgate Post Office.

It is true this woman lost a son in the war, and one's sympathy naturally goes out to her on that account. But to regard her loss as sufficient excuse for a deliberate fraud would be absurd.

She had been in receipt of a pension of 20s. a week from the Ministry of Pensions in respect of that son; but did not hesitate to dishonour his memory by obtaining its renewal on the false representation that she was doing only two days' charing a week, at 2s. a day; whereas at the time she was in continuous employment at 3s. a day, with 1s. 6d. refreshment allowance.

Nevertheless, the Chairman, after characterising her as "an old fraud" who "ought to be sent away to prison with hard labour for a stiff term," farcically imposed a fine of £5 and allowed her six months in which to pay it!

Starving and suffering ex-Service men do not meet with such leniency.

THE NOTORIOUS SANDY McNAB

Child Seducer as Matrimonial Agent

UNDER the heading "Lures for the Lonely," we have repeatedly during the last six months drawn attention to the activities of a man calling himself Arthur Hillcoat, the self-styled Secretary of the so-called "Lonely Men and Women League," of 44, Kennington Road, London, S.E.

In view of the fact that he is still carrying on his pernicious and parasitic trade of promising to effect introductions for matrimonial and other purposes between persons of opposite sexes for a fee of 3s. 6d., we consider it desirable to throw a little light on his antecedents, in order that those who read his announcements and receive his circulars may not be left in doubt as to the record of the individual in question.

He is none other than the notorious "Sandy McNab," a third-rate music-hall performer who disappeared from the public view a few years ago, much to the relief of the members of the variety profession, which he shockingly disgraced.

In 1898 he was a song writer in Glasgow and a variety agent. He was also a "music carrier" for his wife, a fairly well-known low comedy singer in those days. Later, he toured a sketch called "The Egyptian Mummy," and gained notoriety by purchasing the house in Hilldrop Crescent, Holloway, in which Crippen committed his horrible murder, actually naming it "Crippen House," and advertising it as his address!

He reached the lowest depths of depravity and degradation in 1914, when, under the name of Adam Arthur, he was sentenced at the Kent Assizes to two years' hard labour for a shocking offence against a poor stage-struck girl of thirteen whom he had brought with him from Glasgow. He lived with her in lodgings at Sheerness and was charged as the result of a report made to the police by the landlady.

In passing sentence, Mr. Justice Darling declared that the case was proved on the clearest possible evidence, and said sternly, "Adam Arthur, you have abused a girl of thirteen whom you have known since an infant." Turning to the jury, the Judge said, "If I could have sent him to penal servitude, I would have done so!"

This, then, is the man who a few months ago was using notepaper headed: "Lonely *Christian* Men and Women League," cynically underlining a postscript: "NOTE.—All my clients are not strictly religious," and is still endeavouring to lure the lonely into his clutches, claiming to give special attention to religious people and life abstainers!

His address, by the way, is almost opposite Kennington Road Police Station.

THE FREIGHT RAMP

Why Prices Remain High

HOUSEWIVES are wondering why, during the present gluts of fruit, vegetables and fish, when tons of good food are being ploughed into the land as manure, prices in the shops remain so high.

A fruit retailer points out that the public are often misled by newspapers quoting only the prices at which fruit is purchasable at the tree-side, so to speak, and that to these prices must be added the cost of railway freight—as high in some cases as 5s. 10d. per cwt.—porterage, carriage on return of empties, loss through pilfering, and other expenses.

We fear that retailers cannot entirely be acquitted of profiteering, but undoubtedly the railways are the greatest grabbers.

Before us is a Great Eastern Railway freight receipt for a bag of greens, weighing just over 3 st., sent from Claydon, Suffolk, about 2 miles from Ipswich, to Harwich. The charge was 2s. 8d., and the greens fetched only 1s in the market.

The same merchant last week sent 6 wash of whelks—a wash is about 3 pecks—from Harwich to Ipswich. The carriage was 2s. 6d. By the same train he sent *one* wash of whelks to Claydon, and was charged 2s. 1d.!

It is quite obvious that so long as such preposterous charges are made there can be no adequate reduction in prices to the consumer.

How much longer is the ramp to continue?

THEN DON'T DO IT, JOHN!

JOHN B.: "What have you got to make such a row about—it hurts me as much as it does you!"

[To show the natives how wicked they are not to want us there, our Commissioner of Mesopotamia (where we don't want to be) has embarked upon a policy of repression that in the end will increase the paltry 350 millions of taxpayers' money that we have already poured out there to something that our bureaucrats can really boast about.]

Our Weekly KINEMA

The Turks are putting the Greeks to rout
In the Asia Minor fight,
And that no doubt is bringing about
A lot of Turkish delight.

Now Wireless sermons are broadcast
A lot of folks will seize
The chance to stay at home at last
And snore thro' them at ease.

When we'd our teeth Yanked out of old
The pain was something frightful,
But dental jobs to-day we're told
Are simply made delightful.

We've been a long time in the rut
It's time things started humming;
They say a good time's coming, but
It seems a good time coming.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir ERIC GEDDES, G.C.B., G.B.E., 12a, Manchester Square, W.

DEAR SIR ERIC,—First of all you touched the limits of national extravagance in your grandiose Ministry of Transport. Then, as wielder of the celebrated Axe, you became our super-economist. These two adventures at opposite extremes have at least accustomed you to variety, so that as President of the Federation of British Industries you ought to be a distinct success. Anyhow, I hope you will never be tempted to return to political life.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir ALFRED MOND, Bart., Ministry of Health, Whitehall.

SIR,—Isn't it time you gave some attention to the perils of the public swimming baths? At present, though these places are proved to be the breeding grounds of countless disease germs, there is no unified system of disinfection, the matter being left to the undirected judgment of local Medical Officers. It is of the greatest importance to public health that proper scientific research should be directed to this matter, and co-ordinated measures taken to minimise the spread of disease.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. ROBERT SMILLIE, Ex-President, Miners' Federation.

DEAR BOB,—When you told an audience the other day that out of the defeat of the miners in the last coal strike there ought to come a severe lesson to Labour, you omitted to explain that the lesson is that destruction of property reacts on themselves. If they had not withdrawn the safety men and flooded many mines, thousands of them would not be out of work to-day. If you had your wish and the miners owned the mines, they would soon realise this.

JOHN BULL.

To the RELIEVING OFFICER, Board of Guardians, Chertsey.

SIR,—According to your statement to the Board, one of your applicants for relief was a man who took leading part in the recent labour trouble at Walton-on-Thames, and was discharged in consequence. He had, in your own words, pulled the chestnuts out of the fire for the other men, and had burnt his own fingers. This, of course, is a very vague statement, but if there has been victimisation, as you seem to suggest, the matter should not be allowed to rest where it is. A definite charge should be formulated.

JOHN BULL.

To Miss E. E. JACKSON, Great Ancoats Street Post Office, Manchester.

DEAR MADAM,—Armed robberies at Post Offices have become deplorably frequent, but nearly every case of the sort brings to notice the gallantry and loyalty of the girl assistants. You are no exception to the rule. Although a revolver was held a few inches from your head, you bravely screamed for help, and undoubtedly, with your fellow-assistant, caused the bandits to quit with only a small proportion of the contents of the safe. I trust that Mr. Kellaway will see that you are suitably rewarded.

JOHN BULL.

Postcard to Viscountess PETERSHAM, Elvaston, Derby.

Congratulations on the birth of your son, who will one day become Earl of Harrington, and thus prevent the succession of that rotten renegade Aubrey Stanhope, who lived in Germany during the war and lost no opportunity of stabbing his country in the back.

JOHN BULL.

To JOHN HORATIO THURSTON, *Esq.*, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

DEAR JOHN,—I nearly addressed you as "Mister," but remembered in time your objection to that term when applied to yourself. All I wanted to say was, that it was unbecoming of you to try to uphold your dignity by boxing the ears of a junior clerk who omitted to call you "Major."

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. GEORGE N. BARNES, M.P., 76, Herne Hill, S.E.

SIR,—Having become an ardent Pussyfooter, you have announced your intention of retiring from the House of Commons. In spite of your patriotic work as a member of the War Cabinet, it is quite clear that as a prohibitionist you would be out of sympathy with the bulk of your Glasgow constituents, and I admire your honesty in recognising the fact by giving up your seat in Parliament. I wish every other crank in the House would follow your example.

JOHN BULL.

To W. J. PERRIN, Esq., Inspector of Foods and Drugs, Lambeth.

DEAR SIR,—I notice that in one day you successfully summoned Harry Domb, of 81, Lambeth Walk, for selling margarine without a wrapper showing what it was, and Jane Sarah Cheek, of 101, Dorset Road, Clapham, and Cordella Ada Lucas, of 1A, Bolney Street, for selling milk which was deficient in fat. By dragging these offenders into the public gaze, and making them an object lesson, you are doing valuable service to the people of Lambeth, who should be grateful to you.

JOHN BULL.

To JAMES EDWARD BROWNING, 104, Market Street, Fenton, Staffs.

SIR,—It is, as the Magistrate remarked in convicting you, a most despicable and dirty action to rob your own pals. As collector for the Staffordshire Knot Savings Club, you defrauded your fellow members of £15, and you might easily have found yourself in prison for it. Instead, you have been let off with fines amounting to £10, on the understanding that you repay the money you misappropriated. I hope the Club will now find another collector who is not devoid of decency and honour.

JOHN BULL.

To Rev. J. ROSS MACVIVAR, Vicar of St. Philip's, Kennington Road, S.E.

REVEREND SIR,—I am afraid it is no use your bewailing the fact that people who come to baptisms to act as godparents are often, from the Church's point of view, hopelessly unsuitable. They are usually selected, as you must be aware, for material rather than spiritual reasons, and the promises they make in regard to the infant are regarded just about as seriously as the promise to "obey" in the marriage service. And, after all, it is the mother who really counts in the religious training of a child.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. J. CAALS, Secretary, Hotel and Restaurant Workers' Union.

SIR.—I am glad to see that you have repudiated the scandalous action of the head-waiter who told a guest that he would be black-listed because he had omitted to disburse tips. But if, as you allege, your Union is strongly opposed to the tipping system, how is it that it continues as a universal practice? What steps have you taken to stop it, and why are those steps so ineffective?

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. WILLIAM BARNARD, Kelsey Manor Farm, Beckenham.

SIR,—To sell milk which is deficient in fat to the extent of 46 per cent. is a very grave offence. As you have been in business for 48 years with a clear record, you got off with an insignificant fine, but I am not particularly impressed by your excuse that the poverty of the sample tested was due to the roundsman having omitted to stir up the contents of the churn. I trust the Inspector will continue to keep his eye on you.

JOHN BULL.

Telegram to HARRY SHAW, Doorway, Knights, London.

As the mystery man of the Honours Scandal, you have suddenly been hauled into the limelight. I am sure you had no desire to be there, but, as you are, why not blow the gaff, and let us know the whole sordid story?

JOHN BULL.

Look out for the "JOHN BULL" MAN in Southend and Yarmouth.

Without Fear or Favour

by The Editor

The League of Hope

IN view of the article on another page from the pen of Mr. David Archer Peat, it may be as well to define our position in regard to the League of Nations. Frequently we are asked whether we are in favour of or opposed to the League, the former question being often hurled at us in the manner of the brow-beating counsel who demands an answer, "Yes" or "No."

But it is not so simple as that. We are just as little "opposed" in principle to the League of Nations as to the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, or the Brotherhood Movement, or any other of the numerous organisations whose simple yet noble aim it is to make the world a happier place to live in. Nevertheless we hold ourselves free to criticize the methods of these societies, and if at times we have used outspoken candour towards the League of Nations, it is not because we are enamoured of war.

Every nation in the world to-day might prudently adapt Bernhardi's famous maxim, and accept as its motto "World peace or downfall." But the League of Nations as the harbinger of peace suffers from a fatal handicap. It has been built upon a shifty foundation of evasion and compromise rather than upon the solid principles of equity to which a hollow lip service was paid by the signatories of the Versailles Treaty.

While the apostles of the League have been holding aloft the banner of International Justice and loudly proclaiming that a nation which offends against the civilised code must suffer the ban of outlawry, the statesmen of Europe have been demonstrating to the world that a malignant Power may outrage every principle of humanity and yet escape the just penalty of her misdeeds. The ideal for which the League of Nations stands is imperishable. It has yet to be reduced to practical politics, and Mr. Peat's thoughtful article is a useful contribution towards this end.

Capital Punishment

IT is not altogether a bad thing that the public should be acutely interested in trials for murder. It is quite a good thing that the public conscience should be disturbed if there is the least doubt as to the guilt of a man sent to the scaffold. The knowledge that a human being, whatever his crimes, is to be seized by the strong arm of the law and hanged by the neck till he is dead ought to be a matter of intense concern to decent men and women. The demand for the abolition of capital punishment is inspired by the loftiest motives and must be treated with respect.

People believe in hanging for all sorts of reasons, good and bad. We have heard capital punishment defended upon grounds which would disgrace a cannibal. By unthinking persons the retention of hanging is advocated from a confused instinct of revenge. The Jewish sentiment which demands an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth is by no means extinct in this Christian land.

There is, however, a higher code to which we are not ashamed to appeal, for the dividing line between true and false views of punishment is the frontier between barbarism and civilisation. In our opinion no punishment is justified which merely tortures the wrongdoer, unless it confers a protection upon law-abiding citizens which can be obtained in no other way.

This brings us to the very crux of the problem in regard to capital punishment. To say simply that a murderer "deserves" to be hanged is not a final argument. If hanging is to be justified at all as part and parcel of a civilised code of law, it must be on the ground that no other punishment will deter men from murder. Largely, of course, this is a matter of opinion, and, rightly or wrongly, we have formed our own. Death, we believe, is the supreme deterrent, and capital punishment a vital defence against the assassin.

Nevertheless, the grim power of life and death should be employed with an awful sense of responsibility, and the prerogative of mercy should rest upon a sounder basis than the whim of the Home Secretary. There might usefully be categories of murder, and where a jury, with full knowledge of the facts, recommend a convicted man to mercy, their will should be law.

"These Little Ones"

IT is a frequent criticism of the Labour Party that it wastes time crying for the moon, neglecting the practical tasks which lie at its door. Congratulations, therefore, to Mr. J. Wignall, the Labour Member for the Forest of Dean, who is endeavouring to get a new Bastardy Law Amendment Bill through the House of Commons. In brief, this measure provides that a father, according to his means, shall be compelled by law to do for an illegitimate child what he would have been legally bound to do if the child had been born in wedlock.

In our view, public opinion is ripe for this change. The scandal which allows a man, even if his means are substantial, to bring upon a girl the burden of motherhood at no greater cost to himself than a paltry ten shillings weekly is condemned on all hands. It is hard to see what valid arguments can be urged against Mr. Wignall's Bill, which will enable Magistrates at any time before an illegitimate child attains the age of eighteen to order the father to make a substantial contribution towards its education or apprenticeship.

The further proposal that, where the man and the woman both so desire, affiliation proceedings shall be heard *in camera*, appears to us to be free from objection. The framers of this measure have brought to their task a sympathetic imagination. One of the best clauses of the Bill is that which enables a girl to make her application to the Magistrates before the birth of the child has unnerved her for the ordeal. Such a measure should pass both Houses of Parliament without difficulty. Indeed, we venture to hope that the Government will accept responsibility for it and so ensure its early passage into law.

The Mad Medicine Man

NOT long ago an undistinguished nobleman was demanding a lethal chamber for mentally defective children. Now comes Sir Bryan Donkin and several of his medical colleagues, with a proposal to take time by the forelock and prevent their birth. When we inquire how, the scroll of science is boldly unfurled, across it blazoned the fearsome phrase: "Sterilisation of the Unfit."

Our good friend Sir Bryan Donkin makes no bones about it. In set terms he suggests that adult mental deficients should be "rendered sterile by a surgical operation." Of course, there is a good deal that can be said in favour of this proposal, as there has been a good deal to be said in favour of every other dangerous innovation. But before we allow the medical profession to stand as executioners at the portals of posterity we had better pause and think. It is an awesome power to confer upon the surgeon; and the present administration of the Mental Deficiency Act will hardly serve to reconcile the public to such a daring experiment. We can well believe that Sir Bryan Donkin is entirely blind to the defects of his scheme. Modesty seldom mates with medicine.

Consider for the moment. Who is to determine who are the mentally deficient? The doctors, of course. Who is to select the women who are to be surgically debarred from motherhood? The doctors, if you please. Who is to take pains to ensure that the process shall be strictly confined to the mentally deficient? The doctors again. On the whole, we prefer to think over Sir Bryan Donkin's suggestion a little longer before furnishing him with an Act of Parliament.

It may even be as well to use our common sense to discover some less drastic plan. That the breeding of mental deficients is a bad thing no one denies, but it may be a still worse thing to arm the medical profession with hitherto undreamt-of powers over the bodies of their fellow-citizens. The fanaticism of science can be terrible at times.

Science and the Soul

THERE are those who argue that the question of whether we survive after death is of no practical importance to the human race. They reason in vain. The spiritualist, honestly convinced that the soul survives the dissolution of the body, brings tidings of great joy.

The belief in immortality has comforted millions in the hour of bereavement. But is it true? When Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle tell us that they have talked with the spirits of their dead sons, are they lying, are they deluded, or are they gloriously right?

It is a matter of evidence, of course, and calls for the searching analysis of scientific minds. Why cannot we have a Royal Commission of scientists to scan the evidence, to sift the wheat from the chaff, to discover the truth? Is the subject less important than the reform of the divorce laws or the incidence of the income tax? We think not.

Things a Doctor Knows and Does Not Tell.

A REMARKABLE BOOK on an avoided subject has been published at the price of THREE SHILLINGS, and no young fellow about to enter manhood's estate should fail to read this book. In straight-from-the-shoulder language, the author, a well-known writer on health subjects, deals with one of the greatest evils that beset boys and young men to-day. "Manhood" is a book to be studied carefully.

The appalling darkness on which the subject of sex is kept is the cause of most of the immorality and secret vice of to-day. Hideous things only flourish in the dark. It is the aim of this book to throw a flood of light—the white, penetrating light of truth—into the dark corners of human habits, and thus to do something to banish secret vice from the lives of our boys and young men.

WHAT THE BOOK IS ABOUT

A Much-Condensed Synopsis:

CHAPTER I.—The Threshold of Manhood.—Father's Responsibility—Tainted Knowledge—The Moral Training of Youth—Changes of Adolescent Stage.

CHAPTER II.—The Central Fact of Life.—Self-Preservation—The Social Instinct—The Racial Instinct—The Meaning of Sex.

CHAPTER III.—The Evolution of Love.—Promiscuity versus Selection—Polygamy versus Monogamy—Antagonism of Love and Sex.

CHAPTER IV.—The True Ethics of the Sexes.—Right and Wrong lines of Sex Development—The Function of Childbearing and Women's Choice—Reluctant Parenthood—Love Greater than Morality—The Secret of Happiness.

CHAPTER V.—The Race of the Future.—Eugenics is its Creed—Haphazard Choice for Marriage—Heredity—Selection for Parenthood—Restriction of Marriage—Dangerous Alliances.

CHAPTER VI.—Race or Self.—Shall I have a Family?—Preventive Measures or Self-Restraint—The Solution of the Great Problem.

CHAPTER VII.—Self-Control.—The Call of Natural Impulses—Dangers of Indulgence—The Spread of Purity—The Struggles for Mastery.

CHAPTER VIII.—Education.—The Need of Some Sex Education—A Vicious Circle of Ignorance.

CHAPTER IX.—The Problem of Psychology.—Woman's Revolt—The Marriage Service—Knowledge of Physiology.

CHAPTER X.—The Law of Marriage.—Marriage Contract—Breaches of Promise—Valid and Invalid Marriages—"Consent"—Two Moral Codes.

CHAPTER XI.—Penalties of Evil.—The Loss to the Race—Purity for Purity's Sake—Sin as a Spiritual Act—Hope for All—An Offer.

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HOVELS OF THE POOR

Hell-Corners in the Heart of London

HOW true it is that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives! Within a stone's throw of the great railway terminus at Euston are homes of poverty and wretchedness. The houses are as dirty, dilapidated, and depressing as the people who live in them. Broken window panes are stuffed with rags and paper, and seem to blink on like the eyes of the tenants, bruised by violence and bleared by drink and disease.

Turn into a dismal alley off the Euston Road. In one tumbledown tenement house three families are living. A haggard, dishevelled woman pulls open the cracked door in answer to our knock. We can scarcely repress a shudder at her emaciated condition. We follow her into a sort of kitchen. A ramshackle bed does duty for a table in the daytime, and a few boxes serve as chairs. Gaunt-eyed, hollow-cheeked babies glare at us and howl, half-clad children scamper to the street in bare feet, and while we are talking a rat runs across the floor.

"We can get nothing done except 'essential' repairs," says the woman despondently, and adds, to explain the noisome smell, "the drains are always getting stopped up."

We move on to Mile End, and are invited into a "parlour." The bare floor is decaying with dirt and age, the ceiling is black as soot, and grease is on all the walls. There is no chair, and a baby is sitting on the cold floor near a dangerous-looking hole. In an adjoining room, where the work by which the woman supports herself is done, two boys are lying ill on rags on the floor. Everything is permeated with foul odours of disease and insanitation, and the place is overrun with rats. When it rains water trickles down the walls and falls in from the broken roof.

We cross the river to Bermondsey, where bedraggled women sit on the doorsteps with their babies, apathetically watching passers-by because their homes inside are dark and foul. Windows are plastered with paper because landlords won't repair them. So air and sunshine are excluded, and flies and lice, rats and beetles swarm everywhere.

We find a similar state of things in Camberwell and Walworth and Lambeth. Near Waterloo are houses which have been half-demolished. Sacking and brown paper provide a wall for two of them. In one, two rooms are occupied by a man and his wife and four children. In one of the rooms drainage refuse runs over the floor in wet weather. The place is infested with vermin, and slugs crawl over the babies as they sleep.

We work our way back to North London, and visit Hoxton, Shoreditch, Bethnal Green, Hackney and Tottenham. In poverty-stricken areas things are just the same—crowded hovels with bad drains, children sleeping on the floor with rats for company, and water leaking in through walls and roofs.

Has Sir Alfred Mond ever taken such a trip round overcrowded London? We doubt it. We could provide him with an itinerary that would open his eyes to the terrible urgency of the housing question.

THE INSIDIOUS CHINK

Reasons for His Retention

THE spectacle of British sailors being replaced in British ships by Oriental fo'c's'le hands was, and is, abhorrent to us; but we are gradually being forced to the painful conclusion that the shipowners have substantial reasons for their apparently unpatriotic action.

There is no braver man breathing to-day than the British seaman. But, while second to none at his vocation, he is, in many respects, a child in his simplicity of character, and far more easily led than his fellow-workers ashore.

Scarcely a British ship leaves our waters without numbering amongst her crew a "sea lawyer"—some disgruntled A.B., armed with a smattering of legal knowledge, whose chief object in life is to stir up strife.

These men invariably are over-zealous Trade Unionists. However disinterested their purpose may be, nine times out of ten the effect of their agitation is detrimental to those they pretend or profess to serve.

The responsibility of navigating officers is enormous. It therefore is not surprising that ship masters, when their British crews are led into idleness and indiscipline by some mischievous and unscrupulous agitator amongst their number, sometimes take the drastic step of paying them off at the first convenient port and replacing them by Chinese seamen—who, to give them their due, are invariably industrious and steady.

If the "fo'c's'le bully" could be weeded out from British crews—and with him the chief cause of discontent, idleness and incipient mutiny—we should not hear so much of the gradual encroachment of Oriental seamen.

When the British seaman comes to realise that his livelihood depends more upon the efficient and cheerful performance of his duty than on the misguided efforts of agitators, owners and masters will be only too glad to reinstate him in the position which is his rightful heritage.

DEATH-TRAPS FOR CHILDREN

Perils Neglected by Public Authorities

IT is only when some terrible tragedy occurs that attention is directed to the shameful neglect of public authorities in regard to the many death-traps for children which exist all over the country in the shape of disused pits which are allowed to remain unfenced.

A typical instance of this fatal apathy has just occurred at Denny, in Stirlingshire. The scene was a disused quarry by the side of a main road. It had not been worked for very many years, and had become filled with water to a depth of from forty to sixty feet. Though guarded on one side by a stone wall, on the other it has remained entirely unprotected, possibly because of late years it has been used as a rubbish tip, and refuse carts continually come and go.

The people living in the houses across the way have long lived in dread of this death-trap—a number of fatalities have occurred there.

Parents cannot have their children continually under supervision. Little Alick M'Lachlan, only two years old, skipped out into the road and across to the quarry, while his mother's back was turned, to play at ball with a neighbour's child. The ball got thrown into the water, and the little fellow fell in in trying to recover it. The screams of the other child brought his mother on to the scene, and she plunged to his rescue, but both were drowned.

It is to be hoped that this distressing fatality will not only move the local authorities to carry out their long-neglected duty, but serve as a warning to others where similar death-traps remain unprotected.

TORTURING THE INSANE

Report that is Merely Stage Thunder

by DR. MONTAGU LOMAX

THE many pungent criticisms of the Asylum System published in these columns were strongly reinforced and crystallised by the eminent practical authority on mental diseases, Dr. Montagu Lomax, in his remarkable book, "The Experiences of an Asylum Doctor." These revelations led to the appointment of the Parliamentary Committee on the Administration of Public Mental Hospitals—to whose whitewashing Report Dr. Lomax replies in the following striking article.

THE oracle has spoken. The Asylum Report is out. And it is only stage thunder after all.

The Report bristles with evasions, misrepresentations, and downright lies. I give two of the latter as samples. The Report states that the "behind-the-table" suicidal case quoted in my book was "an imaginary case," invented to harrow my readers' feelings. That is a deliberate and monstrous falsehood, as I am prepared to prove from the Asylum Case-Book.

The Committee further state—or rather they are too clever to state, they imply—that the "exercise-pen" which I condemn in my book was merely a "war-time expedient." I have direct evidence that it existed before the war and for nearly three years after it. I hold a letter from a patient at Prestwich in September of last year thanking me for procuring its then recent abolition.

AS regards my charges against the "Asylum System," the Committee are ignorant of its existence. They have consulted Medical Superintendents, the Board of Control, Visiting Committees, etc., and nobody knows what I mean. I will tell them as shortly as I can. It is a system of treating lunatics founded on our method of treating criminals.

All the apparatus of bolts and bars, jangling keys, enclosed airing-courts, solitary cells, prison-dress, prison-diet, prison-warders and prison-discipline has been taken over *en bloc* from our methods of treating and punishing criminals, when these methods were even less humane and more vindictive than they are now.

IT is a system which thinks much of polishing the ward-floors, but little of the happiness of those who tread them; which provides beautiful grounds and gardens for the medical staff, but forbids the nursing staff to make use of them, and only allows the patients to work in them like convicts. It is a system which subordinates treatment to detention, and creates more lunatics than it cures.

That in brief is our Asylum System. There are, of course, exceptions to the prevalence of the system in the case of individual asylums, but the exceptions depend entirely on the humanity and enlightenment of individual Superintendents, not on the System itself. It is that System which I and those who think with me are out to eradicate and destroy. We want to humanise and hospitalise our asylums, to make them homes of healing instead of dens of despair, hospitals instead of prisons.

And it is this system of which the Committee express complete ignorance, though they give no proof that it does not exist. Yet that *some* system exists, and that it is in radical need of improvement, is shown beyond all question by the list of recommendations published in the Report.

THE strange thing is that most of these "recommendations" are identical with those made in my book which the Committee condemn. Of the 15 "recommendations" made by them, all except two were suggested by me. Further, there is a list of matters in which the Committee admit "there is ground for some of Dr. Lomax's criticisms." These are nine in number, and form practically the chief subjects of the other chapters.

But, for all the Committee say, they might be just casual suggestions scattered about its pages. Taken in conjunction with the "recommendations" and "admissions," the charge against me of "untruths," "gross exaggerations," and "mis-statements" falls rather flat, especially when, as I show above, the Committee are guilty of similar delinquencies themselves. In any case, I can well leave it to the public to judge between us.

SAINTS *and* SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

AS there seems to be a conspiracy among certain journalists to write lies about Bernard Shaw and give people who haven't read his works a totally false impression of the man, I will here, in as few words as possible, tell the truth about him.

Most people who write regarding him neither know the man nor his work, and usually have some sort of axe to grind, either as Socialists in praising him to the skies or as tuft-hunters in damning him to all eternity. My qualifications are that I know the man and his work, I belong to no Party, and I have nothing to gain by speaking well or ill of him.

The common idea concerning him is that he says outrageous things simply for the sake of notoriety, that he takes nothing seriously, and that he writes with his tongue in his cheek. Three spanking lies to start off with. He is, without exception, the most serious man in Christendom. In fact, his seriousness almost amounts to an ineradicable and predominating disease.

THERE can't be the least doubt that, if he hadn't been born with a sense of humour, this earnest, strenuous view of life would have landed him in a lunatic asylum long ago. He is so serious that the mere thought of a Prime Minister enjoying a round of golf instead of governing the country upsets him. And when he is upset he does not hesitate to speak his mind frankly and freely.

A friend of mine once wrote

MR. BERNARD SHAW

asking him to spend a jolly social evening with several fellows at a club. Shaw replied that he had something better to do than waste his time with a lot of people who had to drink spirits in order to bear the otherwise intolerable boredom of one another's company for even a short time!

His seriousness, then, is the first thing to bear in mind if you want to understand him. The fact that he puts a thing in a funny way doesn't mean that he thinks it really funny. Humour is simply his mannerism. He can't help it. And I must say that if he were not humorous he would be unreadable. The appalling tragedy of life as he sees it would be unbearable if presented with his penetration but without his manner.

THE next thing to note is his clear-sightedness. This has got him into all his scrapes. He has absolutely no illusions. The result is that when everybody else is in an excitable condition, Shaw's calmness and aloofness appear inhuman and people begin to call him names. After making a public pronouncement he invariably receives countless letters, in many of which the language is so disgusting that once, in order to spare the feelings of his lady-secretary, he had to write to the papers asking those correspondents who couldn't bridle their emotions to write the word "obscene" on the left-hand top-corner of the envelope.

AS a matter of fact, Shaw is not, in the ordinary sense, a human being at all. He is quite bereft of sentiment. His humanity extends to the species and hardly concerns itself with individuals. What friends he has are rather symptoms of his humanity than proofs of it.

But the most important thing about Shaw is his religion. He is a salvationist, pure and simple. His whole being is dedicated to preaching his faith and living up to it. Without it he would never so much as put pen to paper. Indeed, if for one moment he wavered in his belief, he would blow his brains out.

Our Starving Clergy

by CLIVE NORTON

HOW much longer will members of the Church of England be content to allow their clergy to starve?

The labourer out of work may see nothing so tragic in having to keep a wife and family of half a dozen children on less than £3 a week. But the labourer does not have to "keep up appearances."

The labourer is not expected to pay for medical or dental attendance. He goes to the hospital. When he is out of work, he and his family can go to the Guardians for relief.

But the poor clergy must bear their misery without complaint. And when that misery reaches starvation point, it is time something was done. There are thousands of curates in England to-day who have not enough to live on, and hundreds of widows and orphans of clergymen who are starving. An income of £3 a week is quite up to the average.

There are many men who struggle to keep a wife and family on less and yet serve God in all thankfulness. To such people a gift of old clothes and scraps of food come as a Heaven-sent blessing.

Let their prosperous congregations of tradesmen and professional folk think this over. How would they like to live on tenterhooks lest a parcel of second-hand clothing should not arrive? How would they like to see no prospect for their children but half-starvation until they are old enough to fend for themselves as clerks and typists, glad to get underpaid employment in a social sphere very considerably below their own?

This is not said snobbishly. It is not the fault of the clergyman that he has to mix among his financial betters. It is the fault of those who pay him less than the living wage to which every man is entitled.

THE MYSTERIOUS MR. SHAW

by

A. G. GARDINER

I HOPE the Duke of Northumberland will not bank too heavily on the mysterious Mr. Shaw. Whether he acted, as the Duke alleges, as the agent of the Government in getting bidders for titles ought not to be difficult to discover. The Duke has produced his letters, and no doubt can produce the people to whom they were written and whom he interviewed. One of these has described the interview, stating that Mr. Shaw said, in explanation of his action, that "when Mr. Lloyd George went to the country he wanted funds for contesting certain seats, etc."

Mr. Lloyd George denies that he has ever heard of Mr. Shaw. Of course. Whatever the truth about Mr. Shaw, Mr. George is not exactly a fool. He would not know Mr. Shaw. If Mr. Shaw has been employed to get customers for titles, he is about the last person in the world that Mr. George would want, to claim acquaintance with. Things are not done in this childlike way.

But do not let us get on a false scent in this matter.

The main thing is to watch the Commission and see that it is not a "Hush-up" Commission. It is intended to be a "Hush-up" Commission. Its terms of reference suggest that evidence about the past is not to be called. If this is so, the thing ought to be hissed off the stage at the outset as an impudent imposture.

What are the allegations out of which it has arisen? They are that the Government have sold honours for money, and that they have kept the money to finance candidates who will keep them in power. The public want to know whether this is true, and they expect the Commission to find out.

It can find out if it wants to find out. It can summon Mr. George's Whips and put the plain question—Where have they got their enormous fund (said to be a million and a half) from? They can demand to know how a man who was convicted during the war of food-hoarding came to be given a baronetcy. What did he do for it? Who suggested his name? Who put it before the King? Did he pay? If so, whom did he pay? Where is the money?

And the Robinson case. Robinson denies that he asked for a peerage. Smuts denies that he proposed him. No one seems to know how he got on the list. But he did get on the list, and the Commission can find out who put him there—if it wants to.

These are the things the public expect the Commission to inquire into. If it shirks them and offers us pious advice for the future, we shall know it for a "put-up job," designed not to expose a scandal, but to bury a scandal.

I hope the Commission will not permit itself to be a tool for saving the Government from exposure. If that turns out to be the object, the public will expect men like Lord Denman and Mr. Arthur Henderson to refuse to sit on it, and to say why they refuse.

DO YOU W

by **DAVID**

(*London Editor,* Gl

A PLEDGE for good Europe ***not fight unless the cause*** ***the International Court of J*** ***Continent care little for sm*** ***they can command votes. They*** ***time. That is why the out-and-***

DAVID

HOW to abolish organised warfare between civilised states is now the greatest problem before mankind. The present League of Nations, on the principle of half a League onward, has done much—but its full potency, for reasons which need not be discussed here, has not been revealed.

Is it possible to give the League greater vitality?

Public apathy over the need for abolition of war is due, I believe, in a very large measure to the sense of impotence; the mass of the people think that the League and the various peace societies are too academic, that they deal entirely in aspirations, and that the individual joining them is making no real contribution to a new order. He feels, the average decent citizen, that these are matters in which his voice can never carry any real weight—that decisions are always reached over his head.

But if one could show him a method by which he could throw a decisive influence into the scale, is it not likely that his interest would be awakened and stimulated? To show him that this question of peace was one which he could deal with at his own hearth, and by individual action, would be a step forward.

THE mechanical side of government in modern times has more and more encroached on the individual will. By some method the individual must be brought back to play his part in the ultimate decision for war or peace.

The fatalism of centralised government is one of the dangers of modern civilisation when it finds itself faced with this issue.

I suggest, therefore, that in every European country the Churches and ex-Service men's associations enrol their able-bodied men of military age who would pledge themselves under the most solemn conditions not to take part in any dispute which had not been placed before the International Court of Justice; only when the decision of that Court had been flouted would they move.

This, it seems to me, would give the Court an authority which it could secure otherwise only by raising the vexed question of an international military force. There would be here all the advantages of such a force without having roused the opposition of those who are opposed to the complete forfeit of national sovereignty.

AS the idea of the League has been approved by all the leading statesmen of Europe, and as they are continually paying lip service to it, their Governments cannot object if the man in the street takes them at their word and comes boldly forward with the declaration: "You may ask me to enlist in your armies, territorial or expeditionary; but what you cannot do, unless you are false to your own declarations, is to ask me to fight in a cause which has not been submitted to arbitration." In this connection it may be noted that the British Government has already recognised the practicability of a pledge for certain limited service, *e.g.*, the old territorial force.

But it may be asked, would this not place us at a disadvantage in the event of a dispute arising?

Not at all. The declaration would clearly indicate that those signing would be quite ready to fight—and, as m convinced by reason, fight all the bette for their country's cause failing a settlem or should another nation refuse arbitrati In the past there has been always difficul in deciding who was the aggressor—un such conditions the aggressor would be clea that State which refused to arbitrate.

This in itself would be a big gain, fo Government would find it very difficult, not impossible, to keep its people at w when it was thus branded in the eyes of t world.

Thus it is possible to visualise a great bo of men, backed by the most patriotic stat men of every Party, saying: "For a country to engage in war without submitti its case to arbitration is unpatriotic in t real sense of that word; therefore we w not offer our bodies as human sacrifices u this dispute has gone before the Supre Court of International Justice."

POINTS T

"Your suggestion seems a quite reasonable one to me."—*H. G. Wells.*

THE suggestion if carried out would streng has never been brought into any peace s ment of pacifist opinion in all countries.

If Britain had 500,000 "Arbitrate First" to this country, for in the event of a dispute would go forward at once.

There would be only one issue, namely, w know clearly where guilt lay, and could act

ANT PEACE?

ARCHER PEAT

Glasgow Sunday Mail")

ns: "Men of military age, we will of the dispute has been placed before tice." Ministers here or on the l sections, however earnest, unless ill ride roughshod over them at any t pacifist is not likely to cut much ice.

RCHER PEAT

In the past a rational and pacific attitude towards international disputes has been exceedingly difficult, owing to what was felt to be one's duty to one's country; the danger for the individual of coming into conflict with his Government; and the perplexity of the ordinary man, who had neither the time nor the means to investigate impartially all the causes of the quarrel.

These difficulties—which weigh heavily upon the conscientious citizen—would be removed to a very large extent by their taking an individual pledge which would force their Governments to arbitrate. The weakness of all protests against war has lain in the fact that they were made hurriedly at the very moment when the dogs of carnage were slipping from the leash.

If a considerable body of men of military age were enrolled NOW from among enlightened people the world over as supporters of arbitration, there need be no such moral conflict in the future.

By the aid of half the publicity which was used to raise our armies in 1914, a million men might be banded together in each European country pledged to this new order. If the Churches alone took this step —Catholic and Protestant—a smashing blow would be dealt at War. The public opinion of all nations is eager to range itself on the side of peace.

Such a body would do more for peace than many well-meaning resolutions. It would rally the waverers and those who, while hating war, are not yet ready to accept the full pacifist position; it would give the individual the satisfaction of knowing that he was doing something definite for peace.

THE realisation that some such new scheme was being considered by the peoples of the world might have a healthy effect on apathetic Governments. In this matter of persuading people towards the peace ideal I have always been attracted by the possibility of making some great appeal to the overwhelming mass of the nation by cutting right away from Party or social prejudices, and giving them something which would not label them as supporters of a particular Party or political group.

In this suggestion I believe we have something moderate which would appeal to the man in the street, who could come in through the ex-Service Men's British Legion, the trade unions, and similar organisations abroad. It is only when we have something which will make a wide mass appeal that we shall get the Governments moving.

MINISTERS here or on the Continent care little for small sections, however earnest, unless they can command votes. They will ride roughshod over them at any time. This is why the out-and-out pacifist is not likely to cut much ice.

But get a clear issue that attracts men of all political Parties and creeds and men of none—and there is a sudden "scuttle."

I believe we can get this issue on the question of no war service of any kind unless the subject of the dispute has gone before the Court of International Justice. „Arbitrate or we won't fight! Not a penny, not a man! If this were put before the people of these islands *and the peoples of Europe*, without asking them to abandon in any way their lifelong political opinions—if it were put before them as a simple piece of common sense which appealed to all classes—and backed by powerful publicity which more extreme movements could never secure, I have no doubt as to the result.

THERE is nothing anti-national in it, nothing to frighten the timid, but it is yet a bulwark that would stand between us and the bloody horror of another war. It is the step we are ready for now. Time will show what the next step will be, but in this idea there is a conception which will appeal to those who wish to have a practical advance.

Now that the International Court of Justice has been set up there is a permanent institution round which all good Europeans can rally. But the great thing is to take action now—to have our millions in every nation pledged in advance.

O REMEMBER

"I am in complete agreement with the scheme."—*The Bishop of London.*

n the League. It would bring in the individual as he me in the past. It would not require an equal develop-

and Russia only 50,000, that would be no disadvantage ising and arbitration being refused by Russia, our men

h State refused to arbitrate. The world would then ordingly.

A GAME FOR TWO

by

HAROLD OWEN

THE other day those militant patriots of Italy, the Fascisti, forced certain spouters of anarchy, who had been warned to cease their spouting, to drink a pint and a half of castor oil apiece, just to discourage the others. But behind that rather riotous proceeding there really lurks a great philosophical idea—the truth enshrined in the homely saying, "Two can play at that game."

The great weakness of the revolutionary is that he leaves that homely truth quite out of his reckoning. To him revolution is a simple affair because it is, or he thinks it ought to be, a one-sided affair.

His attitude to Society is something like this: "I reserve to myself the full right of unconstitutional action, but against me you must employ only strictly constitutional weapons. Acknowledging no authority whatever, I fight with both hands free; but as you acknowledge the authority of all the routine legal proprieties, you must fight me with one hand tied behind your back. I can, for instance, say pretty much what I like, and you can do very little to stop me, because you are bound by your own moral and legal maxims concerning the rights of free speech."

Beautifully simple idea, so long as it works. But it works only as long as "the other fellow" accepts it, and the flaw in it is that he can't always be trusted to do so. He may say, for instance, "Oh, no! You can't have it both ways. If you break the laws to suit *your* purpose, I'll break them to suit *mine*." That is what the Fascisti are doing. More royalist than the King, more governmental than the Government, they keep order where the Government fails. When the revolutionaries shout "Down with Law and Order!" they reply, "By all means—we'll begin with you!"

Nobody seemed to notice it at the time, but the same immense issue was raised in England two years ago. In one of the London parks an anarchist was going through his fervent ritual, "Down with the State! Down with Law and Order!" and a logical citizen, taking him at his word, forthwith stabbed him in the neck with an ice-pick.

It is true that the Magistrate gave the logical citizen a month in which to curse his rotten luck for living in such an illogical world, but that does not affect the strength of his own logic. For he assumed, with devastating simplicity of thought, that a man who cried "Down with the State!" ought not to be protected by the State—that the man who cried "Down with Law and Order!" would certainly not have the cheek to appeal to law and order.

Could anything be simpler and saner than such a point of view? Besides, he was merely a disciple of the anarchist, by taking him at his word; and if the man who asks for lawlessness always got exactly what he asked for, he would soon discover the hidden virtues of law and order.

THE WEB OF THE YELLOW SPIDER

Dealers in Dope and Degradation

INVESTIGATING the dope traffic of London is entering a labyrinth the heart of which is in the West-End. And in the centre there is a sinister figure—a wealthy, mysterious Chinaman, who may be called the Yellow Spider. For he spins a web that entangles many a white man and woman, while so elusive is his personality that I doubt whether he will ever be tracked down by the police. His obscure agents are caught and convicted occasionally.

In conducting this investigation I posed as a drug victim who must have the stuff but owing to the restrictions of the Sale of Drugs Act did not know how to get it.

Limehouse is beloved of fictionists, but the frowsy opium "joint" is now only the resort of brown and yellow men. White men and women—unhappily the latter are more readily drawn into the web of the Spider—sin in secret in the West-End.

Following a hint from a confirmed "drug fiend," I went into the lounge of a popular hotel. Presently a pretty young girl sidled up to my table. After a brief silence, she opened up a conversation by asking for a light for her cigarette. She became confidential, and at last said:

"If ever you or any of your friends want any 'snow,' I can put you on to a good thing." Pressed for details, she was vague, and said that I must meet "Ethel" at a certain restaurant in Soho. This girl is one of the humble touts who are on the edge of the web, feeling around for likely customers. They haunt the fashionable hotel lounges where people with money and time to waste are to be found.

I was thus brought into contact with this rather more important agent. She was a smart girl, with the weary face of a sister of shame.

I was conducted to a taxi-cab, the address being given by the girl. The distance was short; we alighted in the neighbourhood of High Street, Marylebone. I was then taken down several of the narrow streets, crooked and obscure, with which this district abounds. Finally we came to a dingy, closed shop. Tapping on the door, it was opened, and we passed in. Ascending one flight of stairs, I found myself in one of a set of luxurious flats, there to be greeted by a Chinaman—a "white" Celestial, that is, a cultured man who probably had a white father. After being vouched for by my guide, she vanished. Her part had been performed.

I was asked to pay five guineas for the evening's "entertainment"—dealing in degradation is profitable. For this sum I was free to have either hashish or a small quantity of cocaine. Thus can men and women who have money indulge their vicious tastes in reasonable security. When I was ready to leave I was conducted to a waiting taxi-cab. They leave nothing to chance in this opulent "den," and every contingency is provided for.

Quite well-known people use these flats. In some masks are worn to prevent detection. Undoubtedly the "atmosphere" appeals to women—the incense, joss-sticks burning, the jade, and all the gimcrackery of the East.

The disreputable night-club is bound up with the dope traffic. Many of these mushroom nocturnal haunts should be swept away. In practically every one there may be found Chinamen gliding in and out—as waiters, door-keepers, messengers, managers, and even proprietors.

I went to three. In each there was facility for obtaining dope. Girls of the night are many of them victims, and take their sniff of cocaine openly. I inquired how they got the stuff, and the answer was mostly the same: "Oh, I know a Chink, and he gets it for me." It is also carried about by these girls to give to outside clients—secreted in chocolate boxes, in pencil cases, muffs, shoe heels, umbrella handles, and so forth.

The waiters are "in" the business. The janitor of the door is a spy for this detestable traffic. There is to-day among the submerged sisters of the West-End a girl of college education who came from a home of exceptional refinement. She fell into the clutches of one of the polished yellow men who infest the West-End. She became infatuated, and he led her deftly down the staircase of sin—drink, desire, dope, degradation! And finally, when he had enslaved her, he made her what she is to-day—a bait to get hold of men and secure fresh clients for her master's master—the Spider.

The police might well ponder these points:—

> Why is it that many wealthy Chinamen run hotels in the West-End free from interference? There is abundant evidence that most of them are haunts of vice and deep in the dope traffic.
>
> The Freda Kempton case revealed many Chinese threads connecting with this traffic. Were these clues really industriously followed up?
>
> Why are obscure agents charged and deported, when highly-placed Chinamen pursue their way unmolested?

There is money—tons of it—in the dope traffic of the West-End. Unless there is unflinching exposure—regardless of social station and wealth—the curse will continue to spread like a fungoid growth over society.

RUTHLESS ECONOMY

Another Shameful Betrayal

HERE is a fresh instance of the callous disregard of the Government for its solemn promises.

It is not long since an official announcement was made regarding the position of ex-Service men in relation to reductions of staff in Government Departments generally.

It was stated that no one disabled in the war who had found Government employment would be dismissed except under very exceptional circumstances, and then only when it was clear that no other course could be followed—while, as regards the non-disabled, the principle accepted was that, all things being equal, ex-fighters should have preference over all comers.

Notwithstanding this announcement, seven ex-Service men, all who remained of seventeen who were engaged as temporary clerks in the District Office of the Post Office Telephones at Liverpool a year ago, have just been curtly given a week's notice, without any reason being assigned for their dismissal. The matter is made worse by the fact that large numbers of girl clerks are being retained.

That men who have worked hard to perfect themselves in their duties should be turned adrift in this fashion is disgraceful.

THE "LITTLE MOTHER"

Saved from a Pauper's Grave.

SHE was merely Mary Ann, the daughter of an out-of-work ex-soldier, but she was a little heroine.

The home was a very lowly one, only two small rooms in a house in Hampden Street, at the back of St. Pancras railway station, for her father, George Hunt, was in a very humble position.

Before the war he was a road-sweeper in the employ of the St. Pancras Borough Council, but he answered the call to arms as readily as any of England's more exalted sons, and was promised that his job would be kept open for him. With this assurance, he cheerfully left his wife and four little children, and enlisted in the Royal West Surrey Regiment.

When he was demobilised, he went for the promised employment, but was told that there were so many men at hand that he could not be reinstated in his old job. He tried everywhere to get work, but except for a casual job here and there for a day or two at a time was unable to find any, and so drifted into the disillusioned and dejected ranks of the unemployed.

Then, two years ago, his wife, a hard-working woman, broke down in health and died suddenly, and he was left to fend for the little ones as best he could.

Mary Ann was a bright girl of fourteen, just leaving school, when this tragedy happened, and she took over the household duties and became the "little mother" of the family. For two years she worked morning, noon and night, keeping the humble home clean, preparing the food, making and mending, and sending the little ones tidy to school, while her father did his best as breadwinner.

She was not a strong child, however, and the task proved too much for her young shoulders. Though her heart was so willing, she gradually weakened, and had to be taken to St. Pancras Infirmary, where, after ten days, she died of rheumatic fever.

The distress of the father was pitiful. The sunshine of his life, the "little mother" of his children, lay dead, and he had no money with which to bury her. For some time he had been working on the new Southend Road, but his earnings were insufficient to keep up insurance payments, and he was faced with the prospect that his daughter would have to be buried in a pauper's grave.

He "wrote to JOHN BULL about it."

We were able to assure ourselves that the case was one of genuine deep distress, deserving of help, and provided a fitting funeral for the little heroine.

A CRUEL CONTRAST

Mercy—and Severity.

ROBERT ROGER SMITH, 15 years of age, employed in a Glasgow shipbroker's office, became associated with lads better off than himself. So he sought to supply his lack of money by appropriating the firm's.

He was fortunate in appearing before Sheriff Harvey, at the Glasgow Sheriff Court, when charged with forging and uttering cheques to the amount of £980.

He had filled in a cheque for £80, and cashed it with such ease that he proceeded, by degrees, to as big a sum as £800. Then, having quarrelled with his father, he went off to Dundee, with another lad, to enjoy himself.

Sheriff Harvey took a lenient view of the case, and put the boy on probation for twelve months rather than send him to an institution.

Compare this with the punishment meted out to Mary Jane Evans by the South Shields Bench. This poor woman had obtained a packet of dried milk from the local maternity centre by false pretences. Her husband had been out of work for two years, and she sold the milk to get a fire. Yet, despite her tearful appeal for pity, "for the sake of the children," she was fined £5. She was led from the Court in a fainting condition.

Undue leniency on the one hand, and excessive severity on the other, offend one's sense of justice.

Printers' Pie . . .

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR" (advertisement):—"Late 1919 Wilkin 2½ H.P. 2-SPEED, COAL SCALES, for Sale."

"ABERDEEN EVENING GAZETTE" (advertisement):—"MAHOGANY Bedroom Suite, comprising OAK 4 ft. Wardrobe Dressing Chest."

"BROCKLEY NEWS":—"The police showed her a large number of photographs, and she PICKED OUT TWO WHICH RESEMBLED THE PRISONERS. Next day she IDENTIFIED PRISONERS at King's Cross police station. SHE HAD NEVER SEEN THE MEN BEFORE."

"WESTERN WEEKLY NEWS":—"Princess Mary . . . has accepted a copy of the film of her WEDDING PROCESSION. She saw the film SHORTLY BEFORE HER MARRIAGE."

"LIVERPOOL ECHO" (advertisement):—"BABY and Pram FOR SALE; splendid condition."

"SOUTH WALES ECHO":—"HIS WIDOW PREDECEASED him some ten years ago."

"LLOYD'S SUNDAY NEWS":—"They (two crippled men) resolved to walk FROM BRIGHTON to London, and started from WESTMINSTER BRIDGE."

"PERRYHILL STATION ANNUAL SHOW CATALOGUE" (advertisement):—"Ladies' 9 CWT. Gold Expanding Bracelet Watch, a speciality."

"HERTFORDSHIRE MERCURY" (advertisement):—"Board and Residence required . . . by SINGLE MAN WITH RESPECTABLE FAMILY."

Impertinent Interviews

by HARRISON OWEN

"EXCUSE me, sir, but can you oblige me with a match?" inquired the Impertinent Interviewer, stopping a fantastically garbed figure, in knickerbockers and an enigmatical hat.

"No, I caw't," was the reply, spoken in a twang which would have been registered U.S. A1. at Lloyd's; "but I can oblige with my views on love, marriage, divorce, football for women, husbands, dress——"

"My dear old bean!" protested Bertie.

"I'm not your old bean!" came the indignant retort.

"Well, my dear old has-been, all I wanted——"

"Sir! How dare you address a lady in such a way?"

Bertie started and screwed his monocle into his eye. "Sorry," he murmured, "but I thought you were one of us. A pardonable mistake, don'tcherknow, seeing you're wearing—what-you-may-call-'ems."

"If you're referring to my knickerbockers, let me say right here that I wear them to assert the freedom of my sex. My name is Jane Burr, novelist, of U.S.A. Guess you've heard of me?"

"Guess I've read some extraordinary opinions attributed to you," Bertie told her. "Aren't you the—er—lady who believes in marrying early and often?"

"Waal, I believe eight years is the longest time love can last, and a woman should be free to change her husband every three years."

"H'm! I seem to have heard somewhere that the first nine husbands are always the worst!"

"I'm not joking, sir," replied Miss Burr. "I married my first husband at eighteen, and divorced him because he snored."

"Poor chap!" murmured the Interviewer. "I can sympathise with him—sermons have just the same effect on me! You've married again, though?"

"Yep; but I don't live with my man. Ours is a perfect marriage—he goes his way and I go mine. That's how it is I'm able to come over here to try and reform women's dress."

"Well, I don't like your chance," Bertie told her. "We're about fed up with cranks who cross the Atlantic because they're a washout in their own country. The Mormons and "Pussyfoot" Johnson didn't make many converts, and I don't think you will. Englishwomen may not be as free *and* easy about some things as you appear to be, my dear Miss Bluebeard, but they don't lose sleep telling themselves how much happier they'd be

if they could change their husbands as often as they change their minds. As for your comic dress notions, I thought the idea of trousers for women originated in Turkey, and your sex doesn't enjoy much freedom *there*. Besides, you yourself wear an ordinary evening gown."

"I wanted to make myself look as nice as I could that night——"

"Precisely, my giddy young reformer; but Englishwomen want to look as nice as they can always, so they don't waste their time talking through their hats. Personally, I can put up with a woman talking through a Paris hat; but when she does it through a man's hat, like yours, I become so fatigued that I'm afraid if I was one of your husbands you'd divorce me for snoring."

"The Greatest of These——"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?

WHEN JOHN BULL started its "Greatest of These" Fund we undertook a sacred and a heart-breaking trust. To us come stories of sorrow and misfortune which a few shillings can often relieve.

A woman writes to "Humanist" and tells him her baby is dead and will be buried by the parish unless JOHN BULL can help her. A man who fought in our wars, and has sold every stick of furniture to buy bread for his little ones, needs a pound to get his tools out of pawn—work has come but the tools are locked up. Men and women friendless and in the depths call to us day by day.

We help as far as we can. Each appeal is carefully considered and immediate help is forthcoming in every urgent case. The money we disburse is *your* money—the shillings and half-crowns which our bighearted readers send to us. Often they themselves can scarcely afford the contributions which they make. But every penny given to charity returns to the donor ten-fold. That is a rule of life. We want you who read this to remember that. A few weeks ago we published the story of the Indian philosopher who said that to give a ninth of what is in your pocket changes your bad luck. A relative of the writer of that appeal sent him a letter last week:

DEAR—,—I read your appeal in JOHN BULL, in which you said that to give a ninth of what is in your pocket to charity will change your bad luck. Without having the slightest faith in the yarn, I turned out my pockets. I had exactly 18s., and sent a 2s. postal order to the "Greatest of These" Fund. And the result has been staggering! Four unexpected bits of luck have come my way.

We congratulate our friend upon the happy events. That his experience is not unique is shown day by day in our letter bag. From all parts of the country accounts reach us of unexpected good fortune coming to those who complied with our suggestion. We are sure none of our readers will begrudge them this realisation of their hope—though some of them may still be sceptical, and believe that the lucky occurrence whatever it was—would have taken place without their donation.

Every farthing we receive goes to help those who need our help. *Your* shilling may make all the difference to some poor baby who needs twelvepennyworth of milk or food. You will never miss it.

Is it nothing to you that at your very door men and women and children are suffering as, please God, you will never suffer? Is it nothing to you that men and women with despair in their hearts are watching their children go hungry? Your few pence may do so much! Obey the impulse that is within you, and send just what you can afford to the "Greatest of These" Fund.

Introduce the Sullivan Act

THE boys are again in the limelight.

For the first time the Press of London, without exception, is united in warring against those uncomfortable fellows who take half the joy out of racing to the regular racegoer. I suspect this is the true sequel to the attack which was made upon a distinguished journalist at Newmarket during the summer meeting, and I rather fancy that this time the agitation, general as it is, will bear fruit.

We in JOHN BULL were the first to give this matter serious attention, but, in the demands for the heads of these nefarious gangs which prey upon the racegoer and the bookmaker, we must not lose sight of the fact that the more violent of their operations are not directed to the general public, and all the bloodshed so far recorded has been amongst themselves.

They Must Be Checked.

In other words, they do more grievous bodily harm to one another than to other people. But having said that, all that can be said in their favour has been said. It is very obvious that the activities of the racecourse gunman must be checked. So far, we have stopped short of tragedy, for the ferocity of the contestants has not been attended by any fatality. But it is not reasonable to suppose that the bloodless character of the feuds which are raging between the Italian gangs and their offshoots, the Birmingham and the London gangs, can continue.

No Law Against Gangsters.

The truth is that the law of this country makes no provision for dealing with the gangster, and we need something more drastic than those laws which are at present in force. The remedy lies in the introduction of what is known in America as the Sullivan Act. The Sullivan Act makes it a felony, punishable by twenty years' penal servitude, for any man to carry concealed weapons.

If I were pulled up in the streets of New York with a gun in my hip-pocket, and without the necessary permit to carry the same, nothing on earth would save me from at least ten years' hard labour. And remember that this Act does not apply only to firearms.

A man carrying a poker in his pocket, or a swordstick, or any other weapon by which he could inflict mortal injury, comes under the provisions of the Sullivan Act. The introduction of such a law might be anticipated by the application of certain clauses of the Defence of the Realm Act which remain operative. In other words, those clauses which allow of the deportation of dangerous aliens.

When They Held Me Up.

I might say that, off and on for twelve years, I have been unpopular with the gangsters. They once held me up on the road from Goodwood and threatened terrible consequences if I did not leave them alone—I was running a campaign against cardsharpers in the now defunct *Evening Times*, and that fact alone proves, beyond any doubt, that these fellows work in gangs, for the men I was hitting against were amiable train sharps, having apparently no connection with the yegg and the strong-armed men who were engaged in more violent practices.

Heading for Murder.

Any journalist worth his salt has got to fight these brutes, just as any law-abiding citizen has to fight crime in all its aspects. The threatening letters which came to me after I had my little say about the "boys," made no more difference to me than the soft zephyrs of heaven blowing on my cheek. I repeat that the gangs are heading for murder, and that unless the law deals drastically and immediately with this menace to society, we are going to see, one of these fine mornings at Pentonville Prison, two or three lads of the village toeing the chalk mark on the drop.

SPORTS and

ROWLEY MILE		gave
Apparent	- -	100-8
Proud Mary	- -	8-1
Harpenden	- -	7-1
Corcyrian	- -	3-1

Up to Thursday night.

Bad Placing.

IT is a curious coincidence that the other day I was writing in JOHN BULL about judges, and citing an instance of judges' eccentricities, never dreaming that we should have so flagrant a case of misplacing as the case of Cameleon at Lewes on the last day of the meeting. There is not the slightest doubt whatever that, although the judge, who is Mr. C. E. Robinson's nephew, placed Cameleon second, he was neither second, third nor fourth, and in support of that statement we have an excellent photograph, taken by the *Sunday Illustrated* photographer, which proves beyond any question of doubt that Cameleon was not in the position which the judge placed it.

Very obstinately, the judge refused to reconsider his decision—a fact which must have considerably affected people who backed the horse which was placed fourth, but will, I imagine, affect young Judge Robinson even more seriously. There is no appeal from the judge's decision, and Cameleon will stand in the books as having finished a head behind Nous Verrons. He no more finished second than you or I did.

The Odds-to Tipsters.

I see that the Secretary of the Turf Guardian Society has been writing about tipsters, and undoubtedly a great deal of what he says is true. But this fact must not be lost sight of, that when he talks about the spurious tipsters who undertake to send wires direct to a bookmaker and ask the odds to a certain sum, he is discouraging a practice which has often had disastrous results on many a book.

Not every tipster is a swindler, and it very frequently happens that a man sends to the bookmakers of his clients winners which hurt the bookmakers very badly indeed, so veritably our friend is talking "to the book" when he does his best to discourage people from patronising that kind of tipster who works these coups, he is serving his employers' best interests.

The Defaulting Bookmaker.

THIS week another batch of letters has come to me concerning defaulting bookmakers. I will be pleased to provide any reader with a list of bookmakers with whom he may bet with perfect safety.

A Co-operative Book.

It is a wonder to me that somebody before now has not thought of running a bookmaking establishment on co-operative lines. Operating in Glasgow, where ready-money business is possible, a co-operative bookmaking society, if honestly run, would be a boon and a blessing to the public. Every client would have to be a member of the society, and it might be so operated that at the end of the season, the profits could be divided, in proportion to their investment, amongst all the members who had lost money during the year. This is not as mad a scheme as it may appear at first glance.

Tishy.

It is quite on the cards that Tishy may be favourite for the Cesarewitch. The bookmakers are taking no risk, I notice, and in all the lists which have come to me recently, Tishy is a cautious twenty-to-one chance, and that before the weights are published. I do not agree with those correspondents who think that Tishy will get nothing less than 7 st. 7 lb. If she gets more than 7 st. she will be unfairly handicapped on her running with Double Hackle. To be on the safe side, the handicapper may chuck 6 lb. at her, and I should imagine that, if Tishy is Tishy, neither 6 nor 14 lb. would make very much difference to her.

The story of her failure in last year's Cesarewitch has yet to be told. It is perfectly certain we did not see the best of her, and I was told by one who was in a position to know, only a day or two before the race, that "Tishy could beat any horse in the Cesarewitch at level weights." If she could do this as a three-year-old, what will she do as a four-year-old?

HORSES THAT MAY.

HARPENDEN'S performance brings him right in the picture for the St. Leger, which is pretty sure to fall to a second-rater this year.

AMERICUS BOY has been doing a great deal of work with older horses, and the other day had a little the better of Sun Orb in a racing spin. This two-year-old will win a race.

CILIATA is an erratic lady, but when she is in the mood she flies. Nothing is more certain than that she will win races before the season closes.

Nobbled Horses.

Mr. Gilpin, in the fascinating reminiscences which are being published in the *Weekly Dispatch*, tells us that Spion

THE WEEK'S

[The horses in parentheses after the black letter selection are, in their order, alternative tips if the principal selection is absent.]

DERBY (WEDNESDAY).—LOUDOUN SELLING PLATE: **Mountain Fairy C.** (Take All; Julia Desmond Filly). CHATSWORTH SELLING PLATE: **Orlando Dando** (Glass Ball; Mademoiselle Fleche). BREEDERS ST. LEGER: **Soubriquet** (Silurian; Tanglewood). DEVONSHIRE NURSERY: **Silver Grass** (Atiroval; Eagerford). PORTLAND PLATE: **Thelma** (Grecian Beauty; Ciliata). HARRINGTON PLATE: **Volume** (Tornaveen; Grace).

DERBY (THURSDAY).—SELLING NURSERY: **Petunia** (Brixton; Mary D.). ABBOTS HILL PLATE: **Stop Watch** (Lillywhite; Pere la Cerise). ELVASTON NURSERY: **Zareba** (Schoolgate; Danes Voe). PEVERIL OF THE PEAK PLATE: **Isle of Wight** (Mayfair; Statuary). RANGEMORE MAIDEN: **Egyptian Eagle** (Dark Fox; Irish Cousin).

MANCHESTER (FRIDAY).—THREE Y.O. H'CAP.: **Red Rock** (Pandarus; Rock Fire). COBDEN SELLING NURSERY: **Woodlark** (Zoolphokar; Ashes). BREEDERS FOAL PLATE: **Papyrus** (Duncan Gray; Lowood). PALATINE NURSERY: **Silver Grass** (Zareba; Atiroval). ELLESMERE H'CAP.: **Thelma** (Stratbleven; Battery Smoke). SPINNERS

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"THE JOOKEY" PRIVATE CIRCLE CLUB !!

WONDERFUL INFORMATION!!!!
DESERT ROSE won 4-1.

This is what we wrote to many hundreds of Subscribers, and letters were posted on Thursday morning. Now we can advise you of a horse that has never RUN BEFORE THIS YEAR, and all connected are confident. It has been tried a RACING CERTAINTY, and we want you to be well on. THIS S.P. WILL BE ABOUT 4-1, because we calculate several Professional Backers will be well on. Take our advice and Back it each way. AUT CONVINCERTLY. No Mistake has been made. Back DESERT ROSE in the FLIXTON MAIDEN PLATE on FRIDAY. Result WON BY A CANTER BY TWO LENGTHS !! STARTING PRICE 4-1 AGET !!!!

The above is a specimen of the information sent out by "THE JOCKEY" PRIVATE CIRCLE CLUB. A few recent Winners: KATIE, LADIES LACES, GENTLEMAN, SALLY STRICKLAND, EXPRESS DELIVERY, GEORGE DRAKE, CLOCKMAKER, THOUGHTLESS ROSE, FLINT JACK, HOPEFUL BACHELOR, and EAST TOR. All these Twelve brilliant WINNERS during the Last Eight Weeks. The above Splendid WINNERS were conveyed to the Members of "THE JOCKEY" PRIVATE CIRCLE CLUB by Sealed Private Letter only.

PROOF THIS PAPER.
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and Members who have received them.

For the benefit of our readers, we repeat the Terms and Conditions. So many readers of "THE JOCKEY" have repeatedly urged us to start a PRIVATE OCCASIONAL LETTER SERVICE, quite distinct and apart from our ordinary overnight letters and Special Wire Services, that we have formulated the following plan, which we consider well worth studying, especially by the large number of Sportsmen WHO CAN ONLY DEAL WITH PRIVATE LETTER ADVICE.

Therefore we are prepared to place good Sportsmen on a Register we will call "THE JOCKEY" PRIVATE CIRCLE CLUB REGISTER, on the following extraordinary terms: Each reader of this paper on joining THE CIRCLE pays a Subscription of FOUR SHILLINGS ONLY, WHICH WILL COVER A MONTH'S PRIVATE OCCASIONAL LETTERS, providing each Member returns "THE JOCKEY" CIRCLE the Odds to £/- over Every Winner advised as soon as convenient after result and price are known. When the Cer. talnty News arrives "THE JOCKEY" will send out a Private Letter to all Clients on THE CIRCLE REGISTER to reach them a day before, certainly not later than the morning of to the race, with fullest particulars.

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THE MANAGER, "THE JOCKEY," 94, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON W.C.2

"Thanks for prompt settlement of Insurance Claim."—W. R. A., Notting am

SPORTSMEN

By ROWLEY MILE

Kop was nobbled before the St. Leger. We are inclined to dismiss with a smile these stories of nobbled horses; but the truth is, when such enormous sums are at stake, it would be a little short of miraculous if criminal-minded men did not attempt, and successfully attempt, the nobbling of a horse whose victory might spell ruin to their employers.

And here we come against a curious confederation, which is never spoken about, but which most racing men know to exist—an inner circle of the "boys" who do not carry bed legs and cheap pistols, nor are they satisfied with the watches and chains and purses they lift from the racegoer. It is obvious that, if horses are nobbled, they are nobbled in the interests of men who lay big bets.

LEFT IN.

The following proved stayers are left in the St. Leger and many will probably be found in the field—

St. Louis	Erehwemos
Anonyma	Prestongrange
Fred Power	Re-Echo
Backwood	Galway Prince
Royal Lancer	Baton Rouge
Harpenden	Silurian
Bucks Hussar	Norseman
Tamar	Corcyrian
North End	Tanglewood
Tomatin	Villars
Welsh Spear	White Satin

There are others, of course, but I think the probables will come from these.

A Bookmaker.

To half a dozen readers who ask me to name a bookmaker with whom they can do business, I say: Go to Douglas Stuart. If you are a small man, he has a Scottish office where he will be glad to do business with you. He combines all the concessions that you can get from elsewhere. He has no limit—and he pays. If you bet with him your money is in your pocket when your horse passes the post.

RUGGER.

I hear that Dr. L. G. Brown, the well-known Rugby International player, although he is still at London Hospital, will be debarred from playing for the Hospital XV. owing to the fact that he has been "up" seven years. He will, however, coach the team during the coming season at their ground at Hale End.

SELECTIONS.

STAKES: **Bobanob** (Knight of the Orient). **MANCHESTER (SATURDAY).** — WILTON NURSERY: **Muscari** (Holy Friar; Sunshot Filly). EXCHANGE H'CAP.: **Carnforth** (Longstop; Tonio). EGERTON H'CAP.: **The President** (White Bud; Irish Eagle. PRINCE EDWARD H'CAP.: **Crevasse** (Chivalrous; Double Hackle). YARN MAIDEN-PLATE: **Scorpio** (Arctic Night; Ladies' Laces). ST. DENIS PLATE: **Soubriquet** (Roi du Ciel; Sanhedrim).

ROYAL WINDSOR (FRIDAY). — QUEEN ANNES WELTER: **Blarney Stone** (Joss House; Miss Majority). PARK PLATE: **Cannon Ball Filly** (Fickle Don; Alastair). ROYAL BOROUGH H'CAP.: **Alaric** (Pass the Mint; Bhuidhaonach). FALSTAFF PLATE: **D'ye Ken** (Landorf; Bruff Bridge). MERRY WIVES NURSERY: **Almeria Bay** (Pola; Maritime). CASTLE MAIDEN: **Holasses.**

ROYAL WINDSOR (SATURDAY). — FROGMORE WELTER: **Warrington** (Cortona; His Excellency). SELLING NURSERY: **Miss China Keen** (Mary D. Woodlark). SEPTEMBER H'CAP.: **Backwood** (Sorrel; Lady Diana). PADDOCK SELLING PLATE: **Lady Shimmer** (Zephyr; Petty Cury). IVOR NURSERY: **Witty** (Marcigny; Azimuth). MILL HOUSE STAKES: **George Drake** (Lord of Burghley; Otford).

Is Rugger Best?

A correspondent writes from one of the great centres of both Rugby and Association football:

"It seems extraordinary to me how such a large percentage of the British public can follow so whole-heartedly the Association code and disregard completely what is, without doubt, much the finer game—Rugger. When one asks a Soccer man why he does not give Rugger a trial, he answers: 'Oh, I do not understand it, it looks like a general free fight'—and perhaps it does to the uninitiated.

"But I am certain that if every Soccer devotee would spend a little time studying the Rugby Union Rules and then watch a first-class game, he would realise its immense superiority in every way, and it is my opinion that Soccer would very soon die a natural death.

"I am not biassed—I have played both codes, and realised a long time ago that Rugby is much the superior. I shall look forward to the day when this game will come into its own and become *the* winter sport in England."

SUNDAY FOOTBALL.

The F.A. Council has decided to issue to associations and clubs the following instructions: — "The attention of affiliated associations and clubs is drawn to Rule 25, providing that matches shall not be played on Sundays within the jurisdiction of the Association, and they are requested by the Council to see that the rule is observed by clubs and players."

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

Schoolgate will win a nursery.

• • •

Corcyrian—what about this one for the St. Leger?

• • •

Have you noticed that a man backs most winners when he has his smallest stakes on?

• • •

Readers who keep me supplied with stamped addressed telegraph forms will get anything that I hear. I sent Flint Jack last week.

• • •

Thelma is going to win soon.

• • •

Follow Lines in Nurseries. My advice about Adam Scott last week was profitable.

• • •

Follow Donoghue at Derby and Doncaster.

• • •

"Your article on the boys will get you into trouble—don't come to Derby." Thus an illiterate anonymous hooligan writes. My answer is unprintable.

• • •

"My bookmaker has no rule for accumulators: he has one for trebles." He is entitled only to pay you the treble limit.

• • •

The most comical of racing films is that in which a girl takes the place of the jockey. And yet these films are always being produced!

• • •

Don't forget that Backwood is in the St. Leger. He won at Ascot like a useful horse. And his race against Flint Jack bears inspection.

• • •

There is a very big tip out for Vilna for the Cesarewitch. This one is not a favourite of mine.

• • •

Shady Lake will win. Probably at Doncaster.

• • •

The man whose racing reminiscences I should like to read is Mr. Purefoy's. They may never be written.

• • •

There will always be poor starts so long as starters are chosen for their aristocratic connections, and not for their proved ability.

• • •

At this time of the year, a 3-year old is at his best, and will beat older horses that have beaten him earlier on.

Sportingalities

LORD ASTOR'S lamented father was, I suppose, one of the most unpopular Americans that ever settled in this country. He brought from the land of equality and freedom the methods and the manners of the Grand Seigneur. He had a ruthless way with anybody who trespassed on his property; he hated publicity; he most intensely disliked the Press; and apparently he disliked as intensely Americans. I am not quarrelling with him for his aloofness, and the fact that he made no effort to gain popularity in the land of his adoption must stand to his credit. He certainly gave us in his son, the present holder of the title, an excellent sportsman, a patriotic minor statesman, and a very charming personality, which even the advent of his wife into the world of politics has not obscured. A man who races on the grand scale, he has contributed to Turf history in no small degree. Although he has not yet won a Derby or a St. Leger, he had, in Craig an Eran, a horse which in my judgment was infinitely superior to the defunct Humorist—whose death no lover of the English thoroughbred can honestly regret. It is true to say that it was not Humorist, but Donoghue, who won the Derby of 1921; and had the jockeys been reversed there is no doubt whatever that Craig an Eran would have, as they say, "trotted it." Astor has multifarious interests. He is a newspaper proprietor, with a reputation for generosity. He is a great landowner, and he is a man destined for Cabinet rank. I am told that he will win the Derby of 1923, but this I will never believe. It is extremely improbable that a man can have, for three years in succession horses that are of Derby class. None the less, we shall wait with confidence to see his pretty colours carried first past the post in the great Epsom classic. On the Turf it is impossible to buy success at the first time of asking, but it is a fact that given lavish outlay and patience, the classic winner must sooner or later come to the plucky owner who refuses to accept every adverse buffet of fate as final.

LORD ASTOR

Lord Astor will win as Lord Derby will win the race on which he has set his heart. Maybe they will run a dead-heat!

E.W.

THE "OMEGA" METHOD OF PICKING WINNERS

is the most astounding discovery in the history of racing, and any backer of horses who reads this announcement to the end will hardly believe his eyes when he has finished.

The "Omega" Method never shows less than an average of **THREE WINNING WEEKS OUT OF FIVE**, and this magnificent average is guaranteed for the **FUTURE**. Let me state here that all my facts and figures are fully proved to the sporting press.

The "Omega" Method has never failed to show a magnificent net profit on a level stake, with no risk, which is the only sure test of a good system.

It can be worked at home in shillings or pounds, and the horse picked by name from the entries the day before the race, accurately, with no bother—just a couple of minutes. Since March last it has won over £3,000 net, with an outlay of under £12, assuming that you start with £1 on a horse, but you can start with any stake you like, so that

THE SMALL PUNTER, WITH A CAPITAL OF 12s., WHO STARTED WITH 1s. ON A HORSE WOULD HAVE WON OVER £150.

Fancy an outlay of £12 returning an income of more than **£100 PER WEEK**, or **£10 per week for every £1 in capital.**

Let me at random quote you a few of the many useful winners it has given this year:—

PROCONSUL	...	...	25-1				
GENTLEMAN	—	—	20/1	LENGLEN	—	—	20-1
MERRY CHILD	—	—	100-8	BACKWOOD	—	—	100-8
CASINO	—	—	100-8	HACKLE	—	—	100-8
STATUARY	—	—	100-8	VESUVIUS	—	—	10-1
PILLORY	—	—	10-1	SIGYON	—	—	10-1
TELEPATHY	—	—	10-1	IRISH RELIEF	—	—	10-1
PROUD MARY	—	—	8-1	APPARENT	—	—	100-8

and many others at long prices, which space does not permit of my enumerating here. How many other advertisers dare to guarantee anything? They promise everything, but bind themselves to nothing. Unlike these frauds, I am not afraid to give you the full facts, and if you follow the "Omega" Method you are guaranteed a large winning balance on a level stake, with an average of not less than three winning weeks out of five, so that you **RUN NO RISK.**

Up to date this season it has given 17 winning weeks and six losing weeks, that is, seventeen winning weeks out of twenty-three, which is well above the guaranteed minimum average. The **LONGEST LOSING RUN WAS TWO** and the best one eight running, which ended in eleven out of twelve. Rather a contrast!

Followers on one occasion had 10 winners out of 12, including a 20-1 and 100-8 chance. This I think constitutes a record when prices are considered.

FULL DETAILS OF HOW THE MONEY IS WON WILL BE SENT POST FREE BY RETURN ON RECEIPT OF 2d. (TWOPENCE) ONLY.

"The Jockey" says: "Any backer is certain to win, and is absolutely protected from loss."

Do not fail to write in time for **THE WINNER OF THE ST. LEGER.**

It gave the Winner last year at 50-1, and the Doncaster Meeting showed a net profit of nearly 70 points on a level stake. We are now approaching the time of the year—i.e., the back end, when the method is most successful, and I consider **NOW** is **THE BEST TIME TO START.** Last Back-End in addition to the 50-1 Leger Winner, it gave the Cesarewitch winner at 100-8, and the best Nursery Winner in **SIMON FURE** at 25-1. The net result was that the Season ended with **NINE WINNING WEEKS OUT OF TEN**, and I am confident of an equally good wind-up this year. It has also given the Grand National Winners for the past Two years—**MUSIC HALL** and **SHAUN SPADAH**, both at 100-8. What other System has gone for Two Months without a Losing Week—Nothing to Pay Out—simply **A WIN EVERY WEEK.**

yet the "Omega" Method put up this marvellous record last year, and has repeated it **THIS YEAR.**

A more certain way of making a large and regular income out of the Turf could not even be imagined, and remember I absolutely guarantee **YOU** an average of not less than three winning weeks out of five, together with a handsome profit on a level stake and no risk.

START WINNING YOURSELF

at once, with more like last Wednesday's 120-1 Double—

APPARENT 100-8 and PROUD MARY 8-1.

Write **TO-DAY**, otherwise you may neglect the chance of a lifetime.

OMEGA (Dept. B), 71, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

"JOHN BULL" Pays Insurance Claims Promptly.

TOMMY AND JACK

A PAGE FOR EX-SERVICE MEN OF ALL RANKS

Conducted by

Field-Marshal EARL HAIG, K.T., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., K.C.I.E.

(PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH LEGION AND REMEMBRANCE LEAGUE)

IN the eyes of the 500,000 or 600,000 ex-Service men who daily search in vain for work, the outlook is none too promising for the months of winter that are ahead. Their unfortunate portion is made none the easier when it is suggested, as has been done, that they have no desire to work and that they are quite content to exist on the unemployment benefits plus any little relief they may get from other sources. The perilous days of '14-'18 should be sufficient answer to such insinuations, but the British Legion has facts and figures, which clearly show how little substance there is in this slander.

THE men who returned as heroes, the men who safeguarded these island shores from invasion, were promised a land not exactly where everything would be milk and honey, but a land that would be infinitely better and brighter for them and their dependants than it is to-day. The promises so freely made have not materialised, however, and it is scarcely a matter for wonderment that many ex-Service men have developed a spirit of discontent and pessimism. But beneath the surface of their disappointment and disillusionment there is a passionate anxiety to be at work again, to feel at the week's end that they are citizens who can maintain their self-respect by honest labour.

IT is the duty of employers to recognise that in all cases preferential treatment should be given to the Britishers who served by sea, land, or air. Slowly but surely aliens have been creeping back into avenues that could be occupied by ex-Service men. In far too many of the hotels and clubs, in London and the provinces, men whose precise nationality is often a debatable point are employed. The work they do can be done with equal efficiency by Britishers.

On the Verge of Suicide :—Suffering very severely from neurasthenia, an ex-Service man was certified at 30 per cent. disability. He was unable to exist on his 12s. per week, and when he came to see our Pensions Department he was in despair. He was helped along financially and he was also given a little sign-writing to do, so that he might forget his troubles. We also got him a special Neurolog cal Board, and his pension was ra ied to 80 per cent. But we won't rest content until it is assessed at 100 per cent., as the case is one of the saddest and most distressing that we have ever handled. With our help the man is looking to the future with brighter hopes.

The Widow from Paris :—Soon after the Armistice an ex-officer returned to his business in Paris. All went well until he was struck down by a fatal illness arising out of his war service. In her anguish the widow came back to London and, on advice from friends, placed her case in the hands of the Legion. It was clear that she was entitled to some recompense. We approached the authorities and they agreed with our views. Within seventeen days we got her pension sanctioned and in issue.

Arrears of £80 :—No work, no pension and no unemployment benefit was the pitiable plight of an artilleryman who was one of the first to land in France in 1914. To add to his troubles, he suffered from chronic gastritis. When he left the Army he made a claim, but for some reason or other his papers went astray. Like many others, he found the Legion willing to help him, and we were able to get him a pension of 16s. a week and arrears totalling to nearly £80. This tidy little sum set him up in business as a window cleaner, and his contracts guarantee him a prosperous future.

Looked After a Home :—The mother of three fatherless little children found the burden of trying to provide for them too much for her. She became mentally unbalanced, but the youngsters, whose father had been a Legionaire, were looked after by us. We got them into a home for ex-Service men's children, while we also stored the furniture in the hope that the mother would soon recover. Our hopes were justified. The mother after a few months recovered, and to her joy she found her home intact and her children healthy and happy. We also got her some work, so that her anxieties are all removed.

Practising Economy :—The Ministry of Pensions goes merrily on its way curtailing one little thing after another. An order has been issued that the pension received by a mother in respect of a son who gave his life for the nation is to be stopped if her husband, being an ex-Service man, is undergoing treatment and getting allowances. Thus, if the husband was at work the pension would go on; but if he has the misfortune to fall ill and requires treatment, the Ministry thinks that is the opportune moment to step in and practise a little economy!

Remember the Date :—September 30 will be a red letter day in the history of the Legion, for on that date a Rally and Sports gathering will take place for its benefit at the Crystal Palace. The organisation is leaving nothing to chance; every little detail is being mapped out with scrupulous care. There will be something for everybody to enjoy. Branches in and near London are arranging char-a-banc parties, so that members can travel from their clubhouse to the Palace in a body.

A Unique Distinction :—The confidence local authorities have in the British Legion is reflected in Hull. The branch was asked to nominate candidates from whom a choice could be made, so that honour to all ex-Service men could be conferred by making one a Freeman of the City. There were thousands worthy of the high honour, but the branch did its difficult task with great discretion. For this unique distinction the silver gilt casket containing the scroll bore the badge of the Legion at one end.

From Nor h to South :—A Newcastle miner who was out of work and in dire distress tried hard to get the £40 due to him from the Pensions Issue Office. He failed, and in despair walked south to London, accompanied by his wife, in the hope that a personal application might succeed. Footsore and weary they came to the Legion Headquarters on a Saturday morning. Nothing could be done that day, but the Legion found them food and lodging over the week-end. On Monday our machinery got to work, and by nightfall the man had obtained his £40. His return journey North was made under more cheerful conditions.

For T.B. Cases :—As a sequel to the recent deputation of the Legion, Sir Alfred Mond visited Papworth Hall, Cambridgeshire, in order to obtain first-hand information regarding the provision of village Settlements for ex-Service men suffering from tuberculosis. Sir Alfred was so impressed that he has asked the Legion to forward particulars of the general scope of our proposals, and the actual amount of money involved in them. It would appear, then, that at long last the Ministry of Health are ready to make a determined attempt to provide for tubercular men the treatment to which they are justly entitled.

Making Good on Their Own :—Splendid work continues to be done by the Unity Relief Fund. In its Small Loans Section, £26,179 has already been advanced in 1,237 grants, and this money has set many small businesses on their feet. Almost every conceivable line of trade has been helped, and the outstanding feature of this work is the remarkable fact that approximately sixty per cent. of the amounts due for repayment has been received. This means that, once established, the ex-Service man with ability and enterprise can make good.

Help Freely Given :—The money is given to the man who most needs help and whose initiative merits encouragement. No hard-and-fast lines can be laid down; everything depends upon local circumstances. The disabled man, who but for the friendly hand would be out of the running in the competitive market, obtains special consideration. There are many instances where such men have done splendidly and have been enabled to establish businesses whose ramifications extend over a wide area.

Mother and Daughter Ill :—Close co-operation exists between neighbouring branches of the Legion. A man walked from Northampton to Leicester and called at the local branch. Inquiries were made through the Northampton officers and his story was found to be true—a dreadful state of affairs existed. The man's wife was in an advanced state of tuberculosis, and her aged mother was also seriously ill with the same disease. Steps were taken to provide the unfortunate family with nourishing food.

Exchanges with Allies :—Official visits have been paid to the *Federation Interalliée des Anciens Combattants* and to the Belgian Federation of ex-Service men, and the importance and value of the exchange of opinion and information cannot be overestimated.

Our Daily "Thank You" :—From Dover the following tribute comes: "I have received the official notice from the Pensions Appeal Tribunal to say my appeal is allowed. I cannot tell you how grateful I feel to the British Legion, to whom I am sure I owe my success. On behalf of my children and myself I thank you most sincerely. Wishing every success to the British Legion in its efforts to get justice for the ex-Service men and their dependants."

HAD PILES 40 YEARS.
NOW PERMANENTLY CURED NO OPERATION EITHER.

Perth man tells how he cured himself. During the next ten days a supply of Nemolin will be sent post paid and ABSOLUTELY FREE OF COST Simply send a postcard to address below.

"One touch of Nemolin and your pains are over. A day—or possibly two if case is serious—and you never worry about piles any more. Nemolin will cure them *permanently*," writes this former sufferer, who never expected to be cured. Soothing, healing, antiseptic, odourless, non-astringent, convenient to use and absolutely non-poisonous, it avoids any detention from business or social activities and renders operations no longer necessary. Based on a radically different principle from any other treatment. Ask your chemist about it, or send a postcard to address below and receive, post paid, in plain sealed wrapping, a large free supply, fully sufficient for a thorough trial, together with certified proofs of effects in thousands of specially difficult cases; also authoritative professional endorsement, which must convince even the most discouraged, hopeless and sceptical. Just send a postcard to Research Laboratories (Dept. 107D.), 22, Euston Buildings, London, N.W.1.

BARGAINS DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY
YOURS FREE!
Send a postcard to H. Samuel for his amazing FREE BOOK
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It's packed with thousands of sensational offers at factory prices with lists of splendid FREE PRIZES
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Over 7,000,000 Users Endorse
New Paraffin Light
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MAKE your home bright and cheerful, saving one half on oil. Scientific tests prove this wonderful new Aladdin 5 times as efficient as the best round wick open-flame lamps. 60 candle power pure white light for 70 hours on a gallon of common paraffin. No odour smoke, noise or pumping up. Won't explode. Guaranteed. Beware of cheap burner contraptions.

10 Days' Free Trial
Prove to yourself by free trial that Aladdin has no equal as a white light. If not satisfied return at our expense.

Get Yours Free We want one user in each locality to whom customers can be referred. In that way you may get your own without cost. Be the fortunate one to write first for 10 day free trial and learn how to get one free.

AGENTS WANTED To demonstrate the Aladdin in territory where oil lamps are used. Experience unnecessary. Many agents average five lamps a day and make £100 a month. Write quick for territory and samples.

£200 REWARD Will be given to anyone showing us an oil lamp equal to this Aladdin in every way. (Full details of this offer given in circular.

ALADDIN INDUSTRIES, Ltd.
144, Aladdin Bldg., 132 Southwark St., London, S.E.

"K.C." OVER A MILLION KNIFE CLEANERS

Are in constant use, and the number is increasing daily—CLEAR PROOF OF THEIR EFFICIENCY. The "K.C." is the CLEANEST, QUICKEST AND MOST ECONOMICAL knife cleaner in the world. Cleanest because no paste powder or moisture is needed. Quickest because it removes stains, and cleans and polishes the knives like magic in one operation. Economical because the initial cost is the only expense, and the K.C. will give years of hard service.

Entirely British Made

Price 7½d. & 1/3

The K.C. is also invaluable to the golfer; in the cleaning of golfing irons it has no equal. Also for Fenders, Fire Irons, Top of Stoves, etc.

BUY ONE TO-DAY.

Obtainable from All Ironmongery Stores.

Sole Proprietors: The Non-Choker Heater Co., Ltd., Chapel St., Salford, Manchester. K.W.

SENT ON 7 DAYS FREE TRIAL.

The "SPINIT"

Does the work of a Half-Guinea Sharpener—and costs only 3/- (postage 2d.)

Saves buying new blades. (Gillette type.) Will last a lifetime. Self-Lubricating. Simple and scientific. Puts an exquisitely keen edge on old blades in a few minutes. British Made.

In addition to the protection offered by the "John Bull" Guarantee, you can test a "Spinit" daily for a week. If you are then dissatisfied return it and your money will be refunded.

J. DAVIS, Sole London Agent (Dep. B)
4, Hart St., London, W.C.1.

"A long-haired lad with a six-cylinder soul!"

"UNPADLOCKED money shoots into Huck's trouser-pockets as if he were a bally electro-magnet, but there is no sordid craving for mere gold in his make-up. Absolutely not. He is just as much of a poet and a dreamer as Keats or Wordsworth or any of those long-haired lads with six-cylinder souls, and his vision of a world made safe for advertising is as gigantic as anything ever conceived."

All of which is by way of telling you that Huckabee has been up to some more pranks.

Meet Huckabee in this Week's

PASSING SHOW

"MAKES SMILES GROW." *Every Saturday 2d.*

A DOCTOR WHILE YOU WAIT.
Cures your ills and sends no bills.

Special Offer to "John Bull" Readers.

Hood's "A B C Home Doctor" is published by the Proprietors of Hood's Medicine. It is a well printed book produced at great expense, crammed full in all its 160 pages with useful information and helpful hints on Health and Disease and How to Keep Fit. In simple language it shows how to recognise and treat diseases of all kinds with Herbs, Roots and Barks, and other natural remedies. It contains the best that skill and science can give, and only costs "John Bull" readers one shilling.

SAMPLES FREE.

Hood's Medicine is perhaps the most successful blood maker and blood purifier and all-round constitutional remedy known to science. It is not a cure-all, but it cures Eczema with its terrible irritation, Abscesses, Ulcers, Boils, Bad Legs, with those agonising inflamed varicose wounds with skin all purple and black, aches and pains of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, and Neuritis, Indigestion, and other troubles of the Blood, Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, because of its two-fold power of cleansing and nourishing the blood at one time.

Hood's Medicine has cured thousands where doctors, hospitals and specialists have failed; when ointments, salves and lotions and even blood mixtures have been tried in vain. For one shilling we will send you a copy of the book, together with FREE TRIAL SAMPLE of Hood's Medicine Tablets and a sample of Hood's Vegetable Pills.

NO CURE—NO PAY.

So confident are the proprietors of Hood's Medicine of successful results, that they offer to readers of "John Bull" a course of treatment under an absolute guarantee of No Cure—No Pay. There is no overloading with unnecessary quantity, no impossible condition, no evasion, no catch, excuse or quibble of any kind. You will either be completely cured by Hood's Medicine or you will have your money refunded. Our reputation of nearly 50 years' trading supports this undertaking and we are very jealous of our reputation. In two years alone Hood's Medicine brought us over 40,000 letters of grateful thanks.

Send a 1s. to C. I. Hood and Co., Ltd. (J.B. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C, who will forward a copy of Hood's "A B C Home Doctor," together with a free six days' supply of Hood's Medicine Tablets and a sample of Hood's Vegetable Pills, also conditions of guarantee.

Venereal Disease.

Safeguard Your Health

THE real safeguard is chastity. If you are in any doubt or difficulty, write to the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 34a, Avenue Chambers, Vernon Place, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, from whom free information can be obtained.

Everyone should possess the "Welfare Library" (7 books on social subjects). 1/2 post free.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL—*i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

See page 3.

COMPANY MEETING.

FURNESS, WITHY & CO.

Presiding at the 31st annual general meeting of Furness, Withy and Co., Ltd., held at Furness House, Leadenhall-street, E.C., Sir Frederick W. Lewis, Bart., said that last year he had indicated that a difficult period lay before them, and everyone who knew anything about shipping would agree that the 12 months under review had been just about as depressing as they well could be. He thought, therefore, that they might congratulate themselves upon the results shown in the accounts. The net profit was £858,554, as against £955,848 in the previous year. They proposed to pay a bonus of 5 per cent., free of income tax, on the Ordinary shares, bringing the return for the year up to 10 per cent., free of income tax, and the proposed allocation to reserve would bring that fund up to £2,000,000, or 50 per cent. of the issued Ordinary share capital. He thought the shareholders could not but feel satisfied with the position, and, much as they disliked the depressed trading conditions, they were well prepared for the present situation. They had no charges of any kind upon their assets, and that applied also to their associated companies. He was not going to disguise the fact that the outlook was anything but encouraging. The situation was no better than it was when they had met in the previous year, with the exception that a good deal of progress had been made in reducing expenses. Freights usually were, on an average, only about one-fifth of what they had been during 1920. That was the reflection of falling trade, and the result was that on July 1 there were laid up in home ports alone some 532 vessels of, say, 2,500,000 tons dead weight. That was to say, that 10 per cent. of the British maritime fleet was lying idle for lack of profitable employment. Those figures took no account of American and other foreign vessels. In conclusion, the chairman said that he most emphatically felt confident in the continued prosperity of the company. The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

"Small Ads. Worth Watching."

Continued from page 3.

GOITRE, Enlarged Glands, Tumours and Tonsils quickly cured without operation. Testimonial proofs and advice free.—W. Duncan, M.H. Specialist (Dept. X), Medical Hall, 44, Broadway, Grays.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Thousands have proved how easy it is to master the heavy smoking habit quickly, permanently, by help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. Think what it would mean to you in health and pocket to be done with tobacco, and write to-day for advice.—The Stanley Institute (Room B.), Racton Road, London, S.W.6.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM ANY KIDNEY OR BLADDER COMPLAINT, such as Backache, Gravel, congestion of Kidneys or inflammation of the Bladder? If so, try The Great Remedy, clears up all urinary trouble and tones up the whole system. Post free, 1/3 per box.—Hallatt, Chemist, Attercliffe, Sheffield.

HEALTH AND HYGIENE.

HARPIC MAKES W.C. BOWLS A SPOTLESS PRIDE, without labour or danger. Ask your retailer for 6½d. tin, or send his name and address for free sample, to Dept. 146, Harpic Co., Avenue Road, London, S.E.5.

PHOTOGRAPHY

KODAK Spools devel., ptd., and retd. next day. Best work. Mod. charges. Camera Barg. List for stamp. Exc.—Wallace Heaton, Ltd., 119, New Bond St., London, W.1, & at Sheffield.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FREE to Short People.—The famous Carne scientific System of Height Increase. Benefits either sex, improves health, increases bodily development. Rapid, harmless; no drugs. Praised by H.M. The King of Siam, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Free particulars and £100 guarantee. Write to-day.—Percival Carne, Caerphilly, Cardiff, S

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell The Herbalist, Richmond, Cardiff.

THAT FREE SAMPLE of "Mendna-Tear" will "add years to your life," for it shows how tears can be repaired *without stitches*, in a moment.—Send 2d. stamp to Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 23, Granby Mills, Leicester.

A WONDERFUL OFFER.—For Three Shillings we will send you post free our Bonanza Packet of Sixty Picture Postcards of Kinema Stars, all different, as selected by us. These cards are sold by us singly at a penny each.—Pictures Salon, 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

CAN YOU WRITE A WINNING WANT AD?

One that relates, frankly, the facts about the proposition involved? Eliminate the element of chance and let "John Bull" write it for you. This service is free to advertisers in "Small Ads. Worth Watching." "John Bull" brings to you within these classified columns a means of communicating, at low cost, with every section of the community, and is *the* recognised National medium for selling anything that the average man or woman buys. The prepaid rate is 8/- per line of approximately 6 words (minimum charge 24/-). For proof of the pulling power of these little ads, or in sending an ad., address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull" 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MONEY FOR THE MILLION

by Our Financial Editor

Uncertainty.

The riddle of the exchanges has puzzled the markets sadly. They have been sixy and sevensy in consequence of the eccentricities of the mark and other currencies, and it is being borne in upon the minds of all that nothing permanently good can come until the question of reparations is cleared up in one way or another. It matters less how than when. Uncertainty is the bugbear.

Eight Years Ago.

The stale old pre-war account is out of the way at last, and for this relief much thanks. It appears that the débacle in Grand Trunks was the biggest stumbling block to the settlement at the finish. In July, 1914, the price of the 1st Pref. was 90½—now 6½; 2nd Pref. 73½—now 2 1/16; 3rd Pref. 30—now 1; and Ordinary 12—now ⅛. This fatal state of affairs had to be faced notwithstanding the somewhat indefinite chance of a "compassionate allowance" from the Canadian Government.

The Long Shot.

The political outlook has caused a set-back in gilt-edged descriptions as well as in the more speculative sections. I look for the first recovery in the former. Such stocks as 5 per cent. War Loan at anything like par, and 3½ per cent. Conversion Loan around 73, are bound to go higher and remain so. The day will come when the investor will look back in wonder at present prices and kick himself over wasted opportunities.

Sheffield Steel.

An explanatory circular is forthcoming from the Board of Sheffield Steel Products, Ltd., concerning which considerable anxiety has been felt since the passing of the Pref. dividend. The circular is satisfactory in so far as it indicates that arrangements have been made to provide the capital necessary to the adequate carrying-on of the business. The £1 Ordinary are quoted at half a crown. Some speculative readers may see here a chance for an eventual profit, but I should not like to say that a reconstruction is definitely ruled out.

Lancs and Yorks Shipping.

Several correspondents ask if they should endeavour to recover their losses in the Western Counties Shipping Co. by investing in the Lancashire and Yorkshire Counties Shipping Co. I don't think they should. There are numerous good sound certainties amongst existing Shipping stocks which ought to be considered before a speculative adventure of this kind is even glanced at.

Better Than Gold.

A morning newspaper estimates that there is three million pounds' worth of gold coin hoarded in this country. I should calculate it at more like forty million. I occasionally come across an odd sovereign myself and immediately put it in the bank, whence it reaches its proper destination. No one who loves his country should keep gold coin to-day. The Government should have it all. British paper money is as good as gold, and better from many points of view.

An Industrial Tip.

The substantial improvement in the accounts, just issued, of the English Margarine Works, draws attention to the attractions of the company's 7 per cent. £1 Preference shares, which can be bought about 16s., the yield at that price being in the neighbourhood of 9 per cent. Besides being cumulative, these shares have a right to a further ½ per cent. in respect of each additional 1 per cent. paid on the Ordinary in excess of 8 per cent. The Ordinary have received no dividend yet, but it looks as though they might soon do so. Popular eatables are the things to deal in. Customers must come again.

Diamonds.

A sturdy demand for diamonds has lately sprung up in all parts of the world. It is probable that in countries where currencies can no longer be relied on capitalists have been putting their money into more stable things than paper. De Beers mines have been closed down for some time owing to the glut caused by the disposal of the Russian Crown jewels, but it seems likely that they will shortly be reopening. The £2 10s. Deferred shares stand now about £13. Last year they were 8½ and the year before 33½. I shouldn't be surprised to see them go to 20.

The Finest in the World.

I still find too speculative a spirit among many of the contributors to my letter bag. The tiny capitalist is ever the most reckless. Anyone with a reserve up to, say, £100, writes to me in vain for a means of doubling it. He should put his money into National Saving Certificates, which show a return of about 5½ per cent., free of income tax. All the biggest capitalists have got £500 worth of this security and would have more if they could. They know it is the finest holding in the world.

Fairy Gold.

Everyone was talking the other day about the lady on whose land oil was discovered and who is now living in the lap of luxury. Good fortune comes in various guises and very often ill fortune may be turned into good fortune, as in the case of fire or accident, provided somebody has been far-sighted enough to insure first with JOHN BULL.

BREAD AND BUTTER ECONOMICS

by SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY

11.—The Scandal of the Old Houses

THERE are arriving from Belgium charming pictures of the new houses which are springing up like mushrooms in the place of those destroyed during the war.

One well-informed observer remarks that in Flanders to-day "the only dissatisfied parties are the hitherto much envied persons whose houses were not destroyed."

Britain escaped war devastation, but the truth is—and it is a very desperate sort of truth—that it would have been a happy thing for Britain if hundreds of thousands of its houses could have been destroyed.

The British housing problem consists of two separate parts. The first is the demolition of the worst houses and their replacement by entirely new ones. The second is the thorough repair and modernisation of old buildings, the carcases of which are sound and useful.

The first of these problems can be remedied only by the formation of new housing areas without the old towns. This means the reduction of congestion at the centre, the thinning out of dwellings, and the formation of gardens and playgrounds in the worst parts of crowded cities.

The second problem is to change into really comfortable and labour-saving flats the many tall and originally well-built houses, which in London and some other places have deteriorated into inconvenient and insanitary tenements, hotbeds of disease.

The Prince of Wales's estate at Kennington shows what can be done in this direction. Private landlords everywhere should be compelled either to make such a reform, or to yield up their property at its true valuation to be dealt with by public authority.

When will public opinion be seized with the all-important truth that the greater part of the ill-health suffered in our towns to-day is actually bred in bad houses, just as vermin are bred? Our indifference and neglect yearly consign tens of thousands to the grave and millions to ill-health.

THREE YEARS OF AGONY

A Clear Case for Compensation

TRACEY PIPE' died recently in Westminster Infirmary from meningitis set up by a wound in his head.

He was a fine soldier of the old type who had served with credit in the South African War as well as in the Great War. When the latter broke out he was in New Zealand on business, and at once enlisted in the Canterbury Mounted Rifles, in which he rose to the rank of Sergeant.

After the Armistice, he had to return to New Zealand, as he had enlisted there, and just before he was demobilised was employed as a Musketry Instructor at Wellington. While inspecting rifles on the range, he was accidentally shot in the head and sustained a terrible wound, for which he was operated upon in hospital.

He returned to England a pitiable wreck of his former self, with one eye completely gone and his features so frightfully disfigured that his wife screamed with horror at the sight of him.

His condition grew worse, and, unable to obtain employment, he was driven to seek parish relief. We have seen over £200 worth of pawn-tickets in respect of clothes, jewellery, and furniture pledged for rent and food during the last two years.

He repeatedly applied for compensation, only to be told that the matter was being looked into.

For five months he was an inmate of the Fulham Infirmary, but was little better when he was discharged.

At last he grew so bad that he asked for further relief. He was told he was no good for work, and given a letter for the workhouse. There was no bed available when he got there, and he was given a broom and told to sweep out rooms. The task was beyond him, and he returned home, his wife finding him on the doorstep in a state of collapse.

Finally, he had a sudden fit, and was taken to Westminster Infirmary, where he died after a few hours, and was buried by the parish.

A post-mortem revealed the fact that a bullet had been boring into his brain for three years.

The Coroner declared that compensation should be paid for those three years of agony, and suggested to the widow that she should make her plight known through us.

Half-starved and penniless she is told by the War Office that nothing can be done until they have communicated with the New Zealand authorities, which will take from four to six months.

Something *must* be done.

PAINTING THE SCHOOLS "RED"

Communist Designs on the Young

ONE of the most insidious perils that have ever menaced the country is slowly taking shape in the form of a determined and deadly attack by "red" revolutionaries on the day schools throughout the British Isles.

Until comparatively recently the advanced Communist Party were content to infect the impressionable young with their poisonous doctrines through the agency of Socialistic Sunday Schools.

But, dissatisfied with the slow and sporadic progress they are making by these means, the leaders of the revolutionaries in Great Britain have decided on a plan of campaign to capture the Council Schools and make them nurseries for young Communists.

This purpose, obviously, they can effect only through the medium of the teachers; and their present object is to convert this loyal, devoted, and hard-working body of men and women to their destructive views, so that the children in their charge may absorb through their teaching and subtle influence the virus necessary to transform them, later, into active revolutionaries.

It is fortunate for the future of civilisation that the Communist makes no attempt to conceal his ultimate aim, which is no less than bloody revolution and the destruction of ordered society. We do not think he will succeed; but it is well to be warned.

We have reason to believe that revolutionary propagandists are disappointed with the progress they have made in this country.

In the capture of the schools they see the surest, if the longest, road to ultimate success. To effect this, they are striving to create a spirit of dissatisfaction and unrest amongst the teachers. With Machiavellian cunning, they have begun by pouring contempt on the teaching profession, characterising its members as "simple muddleheads, so hopelessly prejudiced, petty, ill-informed, dull and apathetic."

A recent article in *The Communist*, by a self-styled "School Drudge," urges "those few ambitious teachers to strive for professional self-government, in the hope of gaining control of teaching by teachers, so that they may have the power to teach what they wish, *how* they wish."

In this country the "young idea" must not be taught to "shoot" in the fashion desired by the preachers of red revolution.

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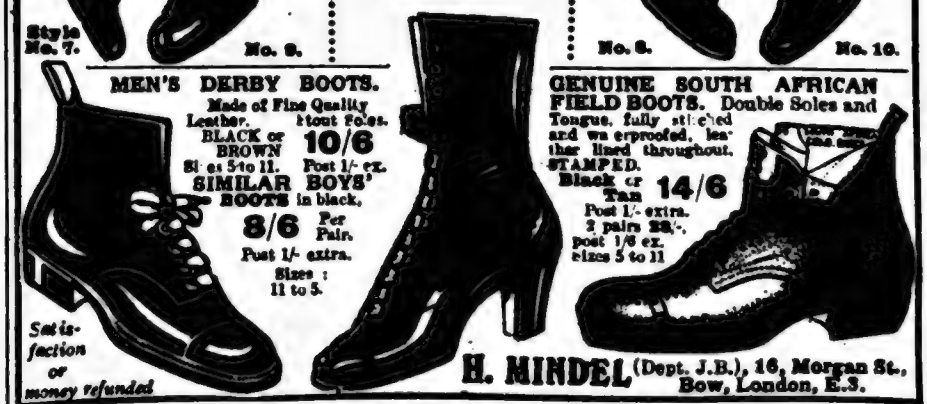

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Replies by post will be sent whenever possible.
LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.*

EVERY week we give a guinea for the letter which tells the most human story of hard luck. In respect of our last issue, that sum has been forwarded to the sender of the information on which we based the paragraph entitled "Woeful Old Age." But don't write only for the guinea. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding in the men who conduct the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often.

MITRE (Hereford).—"You ought to come and spend a few days on our Wye." Wye?

POET OF 48 (Southsea).—"I am not now an abstainer." Then please abstain from sending us poetry.

SNUBNOSE (Leatherhead). — "Greek wants a good hiding." And it looks as if Turk is giving same.

PROPHET (Hove).—"I can prove to you that crystal reading is profitable." For the "reader"—yes.

CONNOISSEUR (Clacton).—"Why not have an antique feature in J.B.?" All our features are fresh.

EGBERT (Ripley).—"Why not face facts honestly?" The "facts" you send us want not only a face but a foundation.

MARTHA H. (Leicester).—"England will be dry within five years." Thanks. We'll arrange to spend our holiday here that year.

COTTAGER (Rutlandshire).—"It is the farmer who grinds the face of the poor." We always understood that farming was a bit of a grind.

BILL (Bermondsey). — "If Lloyd George writes a book, why shouldn't he be paid for it?" Our information is that he will be.

GUARD (Manchester).—"A guard is always ready to take advice, even from a passenger." And if he can't take advice, he takes a tip.

EVELYN M. (York).—"What was King Alfonso doing at Deauville?" We have written him a polite note, asking him to explain himself.

M. L. (Coventry).—Thanks for suggestion. This week the first prize in our "Bullets" Competition is £500 for a *one-week* contest.

CURIO (Birmingham).—"I have a lock of Napoleon's hair; it is still golden." Then it must have been dyed, for his hair was black.

MILLIE (Manchester).—"Some piano players make me writhe in agony." That is nothing to the effect they would have upon the unfortunate composers.

PUGNACIOUS (Haslemere).—"I could take on any fourteen stone man on JOHN BULL." We are weighing the staff and will send you three to choose from.

HARD FACE (Leeds).—"My landlord paid £150 for my house. He charges me £45 a year rent." As you do not seem to have paid any rent for six months, he's got the worst of it.

C. (Yeovil).—"I have at last solved the mystery of flight." Bit late, aren't you?

BOY BLUE (Chatham).—"Life on board ship is a wash-out." Get to leeward, Jack.

PROMENADER (Deal)). — "The so-called nut has no conscience." And not many brains.

EUNICE (Sheffield).—"The woman pays!" And at the booking office she takes *some* time to do it.

S. L. M. (Manchester).—"My friends sneer at my socialism." Much nobler than having it laughed at.

CLERK (Penrith).—"Hasn't Ireland another name besides Erin?" Yes, it is called "A Little Bit of Heaven."

OLD 'UN (Porthcawl).—"I watch Lloyd George's wriggles with amusement." Be careful, or we'll tell him!

JANE (Exeter). — "Church officials here disapprove of playing on Sunday." Except the organist—he plays all day.

WENDY (Southend).—"My boy says that JOHN BULL is the best paper to write to." And the best paper to read.

MRS. L. (Uxbridge). — "Jewish families are more happy than Christian families." Generally speaking, that is so.

LET US FORGET (Tamworth).—"We must remember France has had a trying time." We haven't exactly had a picnic.

LESS THAN DUST (Manchester).—"A woman can make a man feel like a worm." And many men behave as such.

CHORTLES (Manchester).—"I have a very great faith in the future of Manchester." Future? Hasn't it arrived yet?

MISERY (Glasgow). — "Life seems blank and purposeless." Run to the nearest chemist and get something for your liver.

WORKER (Wapping).—"The Thames here wants a lot of beating." And a lot of filtering and a great deal of deodorising, too.

T. A. (Chester).—"Will you tell me the origin of the word 'bosh'?" It is a Turkish word meaning "nothing," "no good," "na pooh."

HUMORIST (Acton). — "Everybody has screamed over this joke I'm sending you." Here, in this office, your joke was read in deathly silence.

JACK (Oldham).—"I believe in polygamy." Send us your wife's views.

PAX (Rhyl).—"Who was the first man to make a study of fish?" Jonah.

DIGGER (Woking).—"I shall never go back to Australia." We sigh our relief.

IVY (Weston).—"Are moles lucky?" The moles in our garden are; they are still alive.

VISITOR (Frinton).—"I don't approve of children in lodgings." Then you're a miserable devil.

L. (Leeds).—"I am going to give the Magistrate a piece of my mind." Write to us when you come out.

CURIOSO (London, S.W.).—"Women are more sinned against than sinning." The phrase has a familiar ring.

O. B. (Bath).—"Is there any prohibition country in Europe?" Belgium—so far as spirits are concerned.

TOBY (Morpeth).—"What I like is a red-hot parson." We always thought that they did not get that way.

JOE (Birmingham).—"I have told my young lady the wedding is off." We are trying hard to be interested.

WINTER (Shrewsbury).—"The price of coal threatens to rise in the winter." Was there ever a time when it didn't?

CA'CANNY (Aberdeen.)—"What is to prevent an aeroplane reaching the North Pole? "Nothing. except the aeroplane.

WET (Hartlepool).—"Where are your prohibitionists now?" Personally we haven't any. We draw the line at chickens.

CARTOONIST (Whitby). — "I like Dyson's cartoons better than anybody." A little ambiguous but we will take it as a compliment.

FELIX (Yarmouth).—"I regret to say that I lost my heart to a married lady." She probably got the best part of you. Your head doesn't seem much of a gift.

HOPPER (Sevenoaks).—"As a strict total abstainer, I don't know whether I'm doing right in picking hops." Don't worry; very few of them go into beer.

MOTHER (Peterboro').—The Graves Registration Bureau at Ypres is almost opposite the railway station. They will give you every particular and help.

JOHN ALL-ALONE (Hull).—"Is it true that fish is good for the brain?" As fish is the main diet of the Russian peasantry, we are inclined to think that it isn't.

ORIGINAL (Edgbaston).—"My temperament is all for a scrap." French or Irish?

MONEY-MAKER (Leicester).—"When is Christmas Day this year?" On the 25th of December as usual.

BILLJIM (Norbury).—"Am I in time for 'Bullets' if you please?" Yes, you are, thank you very much.

J. H. (Burton-on-Trent).—"How can I stop myself yawning?" Keep your mouth filled with beer.

"MAY" (Strood).—Why should not girls work in breweries.? We, at any rate, would not bar them.

M. J. (Hull).—Do we still think it possible for Germany to pay? Quite possible, but highly improbable.

VEGETARIAN (Lowestoft). — "Meat eating produces many a strange qualm in its votaries." Sayest thou so Cuthbert?

T. G. (Chelmsford).—The boy who never misses school is not always the most studious. He may be unhappy at home.

AMBITIOUS GIRL (Liverpool).—"One out of every seven girls makes a good wife." We have, happily, missed six of 'em.

STURDY (Macclesfield).—"I have never smoked in my life." Then we can't blame you for the sooty atmosphere.

BLUE STOCKING (Cambs.).—"Why cannot the poor be taught something sensible?" And the rich something useful?

FLAPJACK (Bedford). — "I shan't write to you any more." If you do, the office boy has threatened to shoot himself.

TRANQUIL (Aberystwyth).—"I let the world go by and never read the newspapers, except JOHN BULL." What a heavenly life!

F. L. (Stepney).—You are not the only one who thinks that Lloyd George was born to be a comedian rather than a Statesman.

GRAY OWL (Clapham).—"The charabanc menace is the cry of the railway capitalist." Ask your friend the cyclist what *he* thinks.

JABEZ (Consett).—"Who was it went home sober one night and his dog didn't recognise him and bit him?" Can it have been Brother Stiggins?

MERCIFUL (Lincoln). — "If people would only realise that children are more important than dogs!" Strangely enough, most people do.

NAPPER (Tankerton). — "Fishing should come high up in the list of popular sports." We believe it the *most* popular amongst anglers.

MILITARY (Wicklow).—"A soldier who doesn't want war is very rare." But a civilian who doesn't want to pay for one is quite common.

W. B. (Hunstanton).—"I don't see how the Germans can send all their money abroad." It won't be long before we open your eyes. We know something, and we mean to let the public know it, too.

Q. K. K. (Chicago, U.S.A.).—"I shall be in England shortly." Tickled to death to stand you one—but we don't quite like those initials; no relation to the Q. Klux Klan are you?

WM. McL. (Glasgow).—"Although we knew you were smart, we had no idea you were so quick at settling claims. Other papers who make more noise, do much less." We are daily endeavouring to hide our blushes under the avalanche of letters written in a similar strain. Verily it pays to insure with the best.

(*Many replies unavoidably held over.*)

THE LONELY WOMAN

rich or poor has found "Humanist" a godsend. He is the great lay confessor into whose ears are poured the woes of the world. The wronged woman, the woman in despair, the woman who needs sympathy writes to our great contributor and is comforted. Write to "Humanist" and lay your secret burden upon him.

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The Disease of Modern Civilised Men and Women.

Neurasthenia, one of the dominant complaints of these times, is a weakness of the nervous system. Neurasthenia is curable; but the period required to effect the cure rests entirely with the sufferer. It depends on the determination to win through, and to fully understand the nature of the ailment. To combat Neurasthenia, associated with giddiness or faintness, we recommend Heart Tonic Prescription 622. This is splendid for shattered nerves, palpitation of the heart, and trembling limbs.

For shock, lassitude, mental depression, loss of memory and general debility Prescription 620 acts like magic.

THE BRAIN AND NERVE VITALISING TONIC ACTS LIKE MAGIC.

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PHOSPHORUS. Constituent of the brain. Invigorates brain workers.

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BRAIN AND NERVE TONIC. (Prescription 479.)

MENTAL DEPRESSION, LOSS OF MEMORY, DEBILITY.

Phosphorus 1-100th *gr. Damiana Ext.*..... 2 *grs. Nux Vomica Ext.* 1-4th *gr. Lecithin* ..... ½ *gr.*

1/- (12), 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100), 17/- (300 Tablets).

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DAMIANA. Cerebro-Spinal Tonic.

LECITHIN. Natural Glycero-phosphate. Used in ailments arising from defective nutrition.

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GENTIAN. Tones the Stomach.

DANDELION. Stimulates the Kidneys.

INFLUENZA PREVENTED. ACUTE NASAL CATARRH

Relieved in 2 Minutes. Cured in 2 Days.

Keep mouth and nose free from Influenza and other germs by the timely and regular use of this prescription, and dwell long in the land of the living.

Shadforth Prescription No. 829TX. A new effervescent, germicidal nose and mouth wash tablet.

Price 1/-, 1/6, and 2/9.

Can be usefully employed while taking No. 331.

NERVE AND FLESH-FORMING TONIC.

Thinness, Nervousness, Anæmia. (Pres. 582.)

Zinc-Phosphide, Calcium Hypophosphite, Lecithin, Soda Hypophosphite, Casein, Potassium Hypophosphite.

1/- (25), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432 tablets).

BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA. (Prescription 48.)

Potassium Nitrate, Colchicum, Methylene Blue, Buchus, Venice Turpentine, Bearberry, Capsicum, Juniper Oil, Copaiba.

Cures Rheumatism, Gravel, Sciatica, etc.

Price 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 tablets).

ANÆMIA, PALLOR, LANGUOR, BLOODLESSNESS. (Prescription 868.)

Useful for Anæmic brain-workers, either male or female.

Blaud Pill, Calc. Sulph., Aloin, Manganese Citrate, Nux Vomica Extract, Lecithin.

With directions. 1/- (36), 2/- (72), & 3/6 (144 pills).

BRONCHIAL COUGH, COLD ON THE CHEST, NASAL CATARRH. (Prescription 331.)

Paregoric Elixir, Liquorice Extract, Pine Tar, Creosote.

1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills). Can be advantageously taken while using No. 829TX. See above.

DROPSY. (Prescription 366.)

An old and well-tried formula when heart, liver and kidneys are all at fault.

Squill, Digitalis, Calomel, Opium.

1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144). With directions.

CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION. (Prescription 2,666.)

will relieve bilious attacks, sick headache, and some forms of bowel indigestion. Useful in the home as a gentle laxative.

Aloes, Capsicine, Pure Soap. With directions. Prices: 1/- (72), 1/3 (100), 3/- (300 pills)

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Contains Nature's Digestive Juices.

Pepsin, Malt Extract, Diastase, Charcoal, Cascara Extract.

Non-purgative, promotes digestion and full nourishment.

Price 1/- (25), 1/6 (50), 2/9 (100 tablets).

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Charcoal, Dried Sulph. Iron, Calcium Sulphide, Nux Vomica Extract, Gentian Extract.

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Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, fullness after meals, and all forms of acid Indigestion have been cured by the following prescription:—

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This prescription is a non-purgative. Avoid fried, oily foods and excess of starchy foods for a few days. Dose—2 tablets before each meal. You feel easier in 5 minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; fastidious appetite; keep your face regilded by each breed, exact smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. Send to Mr. Shadforth, the well-known London Dispensing Chemist, for a trial box, 1/- (36 tablets). Large family size 2.6 (72), 3.6 (144), and 7/- (288). Post free. Prescription No 1,077.

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Will help you over the stile.

Nux Vomica, Lecithin, Coca, Damiana.

In pills. Price 2s. 6d. (25) and 9/- (100). With directions.

ANTI-WRINKLE AND GREY HAIR TABLETS. (Prescription 344.)

Gives remarkable results and improves health.

Potassium Hypophosphite, Phosphate, Bicarbonate and Citrate.

1/-, 1/6, 2/6, and 7/-. With directions.

Use also Benzoin Wrinkle Soap (No. 929). Costs 1/-.

ACNE, PIMPLES, ECZEMA, SKIN ERUPTIONS, BLOOD IMPURITIES. (Prescription 1,262.)

A known, admitted, and approved remedy, registered in the Pharmaceutical Journal Formulary as Blood Purifier.

1/- (25), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), and 13/- (432 tablets).

HEADACHINESS, CONSTIPATION, SLUGGISH LIVER, AND ATONIC DYSPEPSIA. (Prescription 394.)

Cascara, Nux Vomica, Hyoscyamus, and Gentian.

Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills).

SLUGGISH LIVER, URIC ACID, KIDNEY TROUBLES. (Prescription 282.)

Cubebe, Venice Turpentine, Colchicum, Gravel Nut, Podophyllin, Copaiba, etc.

Useful for Constipation, Rheumatism, Bladder and Kidney Troubles.

Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills).

TIRED, ACHING, AND PERSPIRING FEET, FOOTBATH TABLETS. (Prescription 525.)

Boric Acid, Alum, Permanganate of Potash, Oatmeal, Wintergreen.

Price 1/- (50), 1/9 (100), 5/- (300).

UNSIGHTLY SKIN, PSORIASIS, ECZEMA, ALOPECIA (BALD PATCHES). (Prescription 869.)

Mercury Perchl., Creosote, Zinc Ointment.

To be applied night and morning. Price 1/9 and 4/-.

OBESITY. (Prescription 575/4.)

Successful treatment for obesity consists of a hot bath every night, washing the body with ox-gall soap; this removes superficial layers of fat. After the bath massage with a reducing cream; this promotes absorption of the subepidermal fat. Marienbad Salt is taken before breakfast and compound seaweed extract before meals. These preparations stimulate metabolism and reduce fat. Complete treatment on these lines costs 7/9 (about two weeks) and 14/6 (about four weeks).

HARD OR SOFT CORNS, PAINFUL CORNS. (Prescription 861.)

Get rid of them with this.

Salicylic Acid, Resin Ointment, etc.

With directions. Price 7½d.

You can have these medicines post free at the prices named (abroad extra) from

Mr. Wm. SHADFORTH, Pharmaceutical Chem'st (Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.)

49 (Dept. J B 166) KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4

East End Branch—63, Grove Road, Bow, E.3 *City Agents—Messrs. Gamage, Holborn, E.C.4*

Making the Home snug for Autumn and Winter Weather

THE "IDEAL HOME" for September takes time by the forelock and tells you how you may make the most of your home during the autumn and winter months. Take the subject of lighting, for example. Here will be found many ideas you never thought of. Follow them out and you will get better and more artistic lighting effects at a minimum of expense. Another article you will enjoy is that devoted to the modern fireplace, whilst the article on "The Autumn Larder" will be a joy to those who delight in a varied and novel menu. The demand exceeds the supply. Get your copy early.

THE IDEAL HOME

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR HOME LOVERS

ONE SHILLING

This handsome Tea and Coffee Set is only one of the many prizes to be distributed by the "JOHN BULL" MAN. There are also Wrist Watches, Dressing Cases, Silver Chain Handbags, Plated Ware, etc., etc. Look out for the "JOHN BULL" MAN!

The "JOHN BULL" MAN wants to make you a present of this!

Wherever the "JOHN BULL" MAN goes, the greatest excitement prevails. Coast town readers have heard of the splendid gifts he is giving away and eagerly await his coming. He is making a return visit to Southend on Thursday, September 7th, and to Yarmouth on Monday, September 11th, and readers in those towns will again have an opportunity of winning the handsome Tea and Coffee Set shown above or one of the other really worth while gifts which the "JOHN BULL" MAN is giving away. Look at the illustration again! Isn't this lovely set worth trying for? Enter into the fun! Look out for the "JOHN BULL" MAN!

CARRY YOUR "JOHN BULL" WITH YOU

SHOCKING POLICE BUNGLE

An Innocent Man's Experience.

HAS the exiled spirit of Russian police tyranny found a home in this country? How, otherwise, are we to explain the outrageous treatment of Ralph Dawson, of 101, Seventh Avenue, Manor Park?

Mr. Dawson is a highly-respected employee of the Co-operative Society, and in their service he travels a good deal. Recently his landlady gave him and his wife notice, as she did not like a mysterious caller, who came persistently in search of him. A landlady can usually tell a policeman—even in plain clothes.

On hearing of these visits, Mr. Dawson went to Forest Gate Police Station, where he was staggered to learn that a warrant had been issued for his arrest. He was told that he would have to proceed to Normanton, Derby, to answer a charge of obtaining £2 2s. from a woman there for a course of treatment for diabetes.

Amazed at the charge—he had had no such transaction with anyone—he protested that it was a case of mistaken identity. He produced his business diary, showing that he was at Brighton on the date of the alleged offence. In vain; he was forced to spend the night in a cell. On the following day a detective arrived from Derby, and proposed to handcuff him and take him away. He protested and the manacles were not insisted on. He demanded a taxi to take him to St. Pancras, and got it—at his own expense, 16s.

At Derby he was charged and again put into a cell, where he spent a wretched night, trying to snatch a little sleep on a wooden pillow. Next day, the people who had brought the charge against him failed to identify him. Of course. *He was not the man.*

Dawson then appeared before the Magistrate — not publicly, where he could have had the case reported and his innocence put on record, but secretly in a private room, where he was told that he was discharged, and was offered a pound for his expenses. That was all—no explanation, no apology, no compensation.

Who is in charge at Forest Gate Police Station? Why did he not release Mr. Dawson on his own bail? Why did he not telephone to his employers to verify his statement that he was on business at Brighton at the time of the alleged offence? Why did he not then inform the Derby police that an obvious mistake had been made? Is there no intelligence in the Constabulary?

Who was the Magistrate at Derby who cloaked this matter and allowed the police to hush up their outrageous bungling by hearing the charge in a private room? Did the Derby police induce him to do this?

IN GAOL FOR A BLUNDER.

Tribulations on Tour

A FEW months ago a small but honest theatrical touring company, run by a Mr. Alfred Beverley, opened in the town of Sturminster-Newton, Dorset. Before the first performance the local Excise Officer was on the spot, keen on seeing that the law as regards the Entertainment Tax was fulfilled.

In the absence of her husband, Mrs. Beverley, who was in charge of the box office, inadvertently, and in the rush that occurred about three minutes to eight, issued to five small boys, as many fivepenny instead of the ninepenny tickets for which they paid.

This error the Excise Officer, in the course of his subsequent tour of the house, discovered; and, having pointed out the discrepancy to the management, took his leave.

Six weeks later the company was playing at Bere Regis, where six summonses were served on Mr. Beverley—five on account of the boys, and one for the Inspector.

The company next proceeded to Chudleigh, where business was bad; with the result that Mr. Beverley was unable to appear at Sturminster-Newton in his own defence, and in default was fined £18.

Immediately he was informed of this result he wrote asking for time in which to pay the money, his request being supported by letter rom the Sergeant at Chudleigh.

No reply was vouchsafed. The little company proceeded on its tour from place to place until last Friday week, when a bombshell fell upon it in the shape of a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Beverley, who was conveyed to Exeter in the neighbouring county of Devon to serve twenty-eight days' imprisonment.

That he, unwittingly, and through an error on the part of his wife, had committed a technical breach of the law, cannot be denied; but this, unquestionably, was a case in which some consideration might have been shown, if not out of regard for a man with an excellent Army record, at any rate in the interests of his innocent company of artistes, who, in consequence of his arrest, were left stranded and helpless far from their homes.

The harshness of this man's treatment is accentuated by the fact that his offer to pay the fine in weekly instalments was refused.

It is indeed hard that a man with a hitherto unblemished record should be forced to suffer the disgrace of imprisonment because of another's oversight, and that suffering should be caused to others.

Perhaps it is not too late for the Home Secretary to remit what remains of the sentence, and to accept in lieu thereof a reasonable proportion of the fine.

Biggest Guarantee in the World

by W. SURREY DANE

THE biggest guarantee of the merit of his goods that a manufacturer can offer to the public is the money he spends on advertising. Many advertisers spend scores of thousands of pounds a year on advertising.

The more an advertiser spends the more he places himself under an obligation not to break faith with the public.

He must maintain his standard of quality and continue to give good value, otherwise someone else will step in and profit by the custom he has failed to keep.

When you purchase goods advertised in JOHN BULL you can be sure that you are getting good value for money. The fact that JOHN BULL exercises a rigorous censorship over its advertisement-pages is in itself an additional recommendation for you to buy from the advertisers—fully representative of the highest class and widest selection of goods—whose announcements appear in our pages.

The Shop Window

THE other day an advertiser said: "We get good results from our advertising in JOHN BULL and I think that one of the principal reasons is the great care you take with regard to your advertisement guarantee. It gives your readers every confidence."

Do not choose your tailor solely because of the price he offers. There are so many unseen elements that go to the making of a perfect suit of clothes, such as the inside workmanship, staying, bridling, shrinking, shaping, etc. Messrs. S. A. Barry & Co. draw attention to this in their advertisement and state that their clothes are built right at the foundation. There are several interesting offers in this firm's advertisement and from our own experience we know that implicit trust can be placed in their statements.

The Crystal Radiophone offered by Metropolitan-Vickers Co., Ltd., at 90s. is a perfect machine. No doubt many of our readers will take advantage of their offer.

Since advertising in JOHN BULL over 10,000 "K.C." knife cleaners have been sold. In addition to cleaning knives this low-priced article—it is sold at 7½d. and 1s. 3d.—is excellent for cleaning golf clubs and removing stains from fenders, fire-irons, etc.

In two years the Hood's Medicine people received over 40,000 letters of thanks from people who found this specific valuable. They make a special sample offer this week.

The Lawrance Electric Iron at 14s. 9d. is as strong and neat in its leatherette case as it is cheap.

Mr. William Shadforth's advertisements is a liberal education. It tells you exactly what medicine is good for many ailments, giving the full prescription. The prices are so reasonable that it is no wonder that Mr. Shadforth has built up so large a postal business for his drugs, which are always fresh.

The Aladdin paraffin lamp gives a wonderful light of 60 c.p. for 70 hours with a gallon of ordinary paraffin.

The "Small Ads. Worth Watching" contain many interesting offers.

"John Bull" Man

Returns to Southend & Yarmouth

THAT visitors to the seaside are "out for some fun" is well illustrated in the enthusiastic way in which "THE JOHN BULL MAN" is received wherever he goes. Southend and Yarmouth have literally received him with open arms, so much so in fact that a return visit to those popular watering places has been arranged. What readers of JOHN BULL must do is to think of some novel way of attracting his attention. Carry your copy of JOHN BULL with you and look out for the JOHN BULL MAN. He's coming to Southend on Thursday, September 7th and to Yarmouth on Monday, September 11th. The Special Prize will again be a handsome Tea and Coffee Set and there will be many other prizes such as Silver Chain Handbags, Dressing Cases, Wrist Watches, etc.

MAYOR OF DOUGLAS

Distributes "John Bull" Prizes

There was a great gathering at the Villa Marina, Douglas, on Saturday, August 26th, when the Mayor, T. G. Keely, Esq., J.P., presented prizes to the winners. In the course of a delightful address, the Mayor took occasion to say that he had been a reader of JOHN BULL practically since the first number was published. The principal prizes were awarded as follows: Special Prize (Handsome Silver-Plated Tea and Coffee Set), Mrs. Miller, 70, Corporation Street, Birmingham. First Lady's Prize (Silver Chain Handbag), Miss Wood, 11, Victoria Road, Widnes. First Gent's Prize (Dressing Case), Mr. A. Bell, 10, St. James Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.

The most wonderful Pen offer in the world.

JOHN BULL

Pen Coupon Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3/- and 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a JOHN BULL Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to six from JOHN BULL, any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d off the price. Thus you may send seven Coupons and P.O. for 2/- only and 2d. stamps for postage

DE LUXE MODEL 1/3 extra

Address: PEN DEPT. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

P.O.s should be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & CO.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium or Broad Nib. J.B. 9.9.22

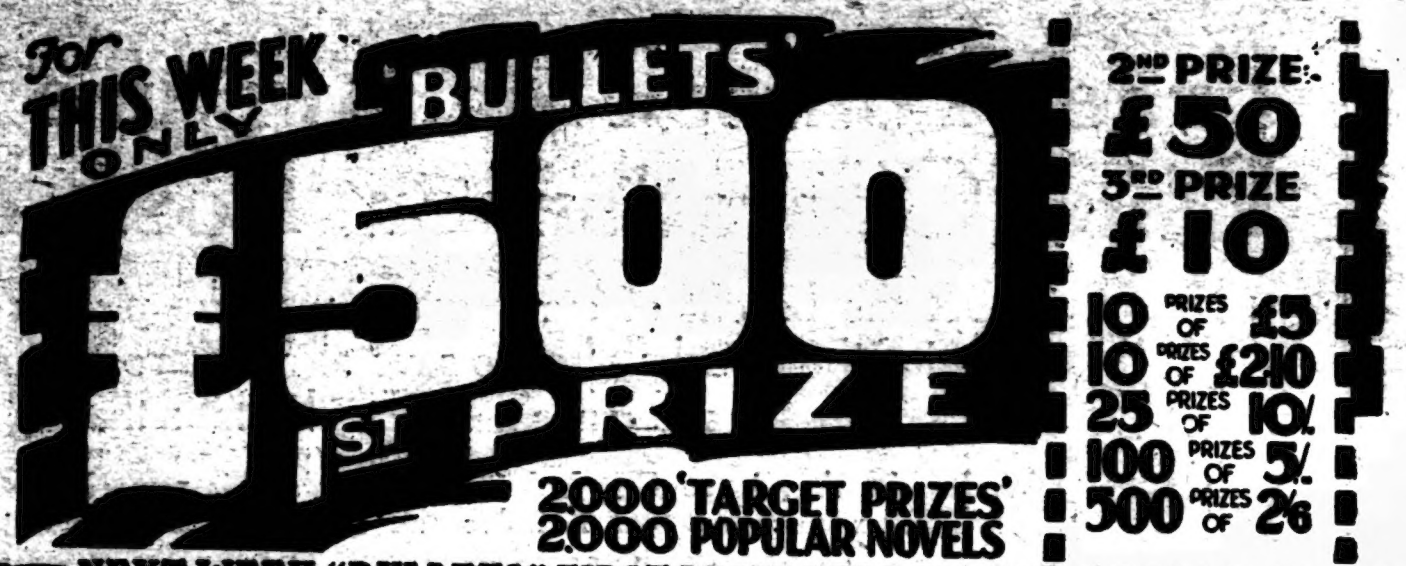
THE RIGHT TIME

THERE is a time for all things, but it is always the right time for receiving money.

Mrs. H. Bradbury, of 115, Ashton Road, Oldham, the winner of the First Prize of £500 in "Bullets" Competition No. 456, writes:—"It has just come at the right time—Oldham Wakes—and I assure you we shall make good use of it. It will be a great help in life for us."

This week we offer a First Prize of £500 in a single week Competition. Now is the right time to enter, for the closing date is September 14th.

Do it NOW!



NEXT WEEK "BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE WILL BE INCREASED TO £1,000.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 457.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

MR. A. C. WILLIAMS.
11, Beech Walk, Crayford, Kent.
Example:—MAN OF SPIRIT.
Bullet:—SLOGAN—"SLOG ON."

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

MRS. M. A. GREEN.
Meadowcroft, North Street, Romford, Essex.
Example:—DANGEROUS THING.
Bullet:—INJECTION TO END DEJECTION.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

MR. ERNEST MAYER.
Royal National Sanatorium, Bournemouth.
Example:—ROSES AND THORNS.
Bullet:—FAIRLY DIVIDED—REAL SOCIALISM.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

SIDNEY ROGERS, "The Beacon," St. Agnes, Cornwall:
SILENT ADMIRER—FINDS "TONGUE"—GETS "TIED."

C. H. POWELL, 18, Crescent Gardens, Bath:
THE WRONG SORT—"LIGHT" FICTION—GAS BILL.

WALTER HUTCHINSON, 4, Thompson Street, Sunderland:
TENDER SPOT—"TRICKS" OF ANIMAL TRAINER.

Miss G. A. HOOPER, 67, Mount Street, Hednesford, Staffs:
WHEN BROKE—"WRONG ROAD" LOOKS TEMPTING.

D. WIBBERLEY, 39, Oxford Street, Harrogate:
WHAT FRANCE WANTS—"FURTHER LAND" FROM "FATHERLAND."

G. H. COYNE, c.o. Messrs. Grindlay and Co., 54, Parliament Street, S.W. 1:
SELDOM AT HOME—THE BATTLES BRITONS FIGHT.

A. POWELL, 237, Cavendish Road, Balham, S.W. 12:
CORDIAL INVITATION—TO GUNMEN—"SHOOT" NIAGARA.

L. W. CRAWLEY, 10, Lincoln Road, Dorking:
BACK TO EARTH—THE OTHER FIFTY WEEKS.

E. A. ROE, 169, Randolph Road, Derby:
BACK TO EARTH—"NOW THEN, YOU TWO!"

JAS. COOTE, 10, Willowbank Crescent, Glasgow, W.:
THE WRONG SORT—OF OPTIMISM BREEDS LAZINESS.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

MRS. HERON, 90, Robey Street, Pitsmoor, Sheffield:
DANGEROUS THING—SMALL BANK'S BIG INTEREST.

CECIL DUDDLES, 60, Bailgate, Lincoln:
THE WRONG SORT—OF ECONOMY—CHILD LABOUR.

MRS. R. J. PALMER, 107, The Grove, Camberwell, S.E. 5:
THEN AND NOW—"DEAREST!"—"COME ON! TARZAN!"

WM. KEITH, JUNR., 42, Albert Drive, Crosshill, Glasgow:
FLY ENOUGH—PUSSYFOOT DOESN'T TRY IRELAND.

MRS. T. R. DENNING, 99, East John Street, Exeter:
SILENT ADMIRER—BORE THINKS EACH LISTENER.

FLORENCE M. BICKERDIKE, 52, East Street, Taunton:
LUCKY STAR—SCOFFS AT PROSPERITY CHAMPAGNE.

FRANK M. DOWSETT, 35, Watts Lane, Teddington:
DANGEROUS THING—"THE BARE" ON TOP.

H. S. GILHAM, 66, Hampton Road, Forest Gate, E. 7.:
SENSELESS—"BULLET" "WITHOUT A POINT."

C. W. PALMER, 28, Queen Street, Godalming:
DRAWING IT MILD—BOASTER NOTICED LISTENER'S RIBBONS.

Miss M. HAWKINS, Sonning Farm, Sonning, Berks.:
DANGEROUS THING—DENIAL BEFORE ACCUSATION.

List of Ten-Shilling Prizewinners in "Bullets" Competition No. 457 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prizewinners can be seen at the Offices of "JOHN BULL."

☞ The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-Winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 457 can now be seen in the window of Mr. W. H. Smith, Newsagent, 103, Ashton Road, South Post Office, Oldham.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 459.

IN GERMANY NOW
RAINY DAY
HITTING THE MARK
WHY HUBBY LEFT HOME
MY SLOGAN
EVERY FLAPPER WANTS
LIVELY SPARK
STAGE-STRUCK
NO FOOL
FINGER IN PIE
OLD BILL
LITTLE BUT GOOD
LEFT RIGHT
NEVER SLEEPS
BLACK AND WHITE
LAST NIGHT
IN THE DARK
MARRYING YOUNG
MAKES FATHER GROAN
CENTRE FORWARD
CADGING
LAME DOG
WHAT A PAL
HOLD FAST
WATCHING THE CLOCK
RASH ACT
OLD AND NEW
DOING EUROPE
IN THE PRESS
BIG BABY
HARD AND SOFT
HAVING ANOTHER

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

☞ SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2, and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" prizes in Competition No. 459 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any of the Thirty-two examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three, or Four words you give can **EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet.** This example will guide you: Example:—A BARGAIN. Bullet: WIFE THINKS UNTIL LATER. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

☞ **ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 459, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.**

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, September 14.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(459) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed_____
Address_____

☞ If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, September 14.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(459) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed_____
Address_____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, September 14.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(459) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed_____
Address_____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, September 14.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(459) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed_____
Address_____

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 459.

WATCH LLOYD GEORGE—SCOT FREE—WHAT WAS PROMISED—KISS AND MISS—DEAR THINGS—WE ALL LIKE—SHORT STORY—ABOUT THE LIGHT—BOTTER—PROFIT AND LOSS—HER MOTHER—WHEN DOLE CEASES—MY SWEETHEART—IN BAD BOOKS—A NICE BOY—OFFERED A JOB—A WORRY—MAN IN POSSESSION—WISE AND OTHERWISE—GOOD TIME COMING.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons above, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, September 28th. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 459 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 459, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for Competition No. 459.

Free Yourself of Rupture Without Pain, Operation or Loss of Time.

FOR the benefit of our readers we take pleasure in publishing the Brooks offer to save all who are ruptured from wearing trusses and other painful makeshifts that do not cure.

The Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., gladly sends this remarkable Appliance ON TRIAL to prove that it holds the rupture back, keeps it in place, prevents it coming down or slipping out, and finally cures it entirely.

NO man or woman ever can look and feel his or her best while suffering the torment, pain, and discomfort of rupture.

Every day that you suffer from rupture—every hour of truss torture that you endure—after you read this page *is your own fault.*

For many years we have been telling you that no truss will ever help you. We have told you about the harm trusses are doing. We have told you that the only truly comfortable, sanitary and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

Now we offer to prove it to you entirely at our risk. We will send you a Brooks Rupture Appliance *on trial.* If you really want to be rid of your rupture, fill out the coupon below and mail it to-day.

Instead of wearing a steel spring or inflexible harness, try the *velvet soft* Brooks Appliance.

Instead of the hard pad of a truss, use the *soft rubber automatic air-cushion* of a Brooks Appliance.

The Brooks Appliance clings to you without force, and you are hardly conscious of its presence. And above all else it **HOLDS always.**

Within an hour after you receive the Brooks Appliance, if you take advantage of this remarkable trial offer, you will throw away your truss for ever.

Over 253,000 People have Accepted this Offer. Why not You?

Doesn't that prove that the Brooks Appliance is not an experiment but a positive success—that it does all we claim for it? Among these 253,000 men, women and children, there must be *hundreds whose condition was identical with yours.* Can you afford not to investigate and satisfy yourself when it costs you nothing to prove what the Brooks Appliance will do for *you?*

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself of rupture over 30 years ago, and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured, write to-day to Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

This wonderful device is a triumph of scientific and mechanical genius, the result of more than 30 years' experience, and the percentage of cures effected by its use is little short of miraculous.

Many hundreds of physicians and surgeons recommend the Brooks Appliance and condemn trusses as more harmful and dangerous than any other method of retaining and treating rupture. Thousands of people have written us to testify to the amazing results they have secured from this great invention. Many of these people live in your vicinity, and we will be glad to send you copies of their thankful letters if you will ask for them when you write.

Men, Women and Children Find the Brooks Appliance Equally Effective.

No matter if your rupture is old and severe or only recently developed, no matter if you are young or old, you should not fail to profit by this **No-risk Trial Offer.**

No other rupture support, truss, device pad, or plaster is offered to the public under so broad a guarantee of satisfaction. If for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep the Brooks Appliance after you try it, send it back. You do not have to give any reason. There will be no question or quibble. There will be no argument, no dispute or misunderstanding.

Ten Reasons Why You Should Accept this Offer.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance embodying the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike ordinary so-called pads, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. Nothing to get foul; it can be washed without any injury.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All materials are the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. Our reputation is so thoroughly established, and our prices so reasonable, our terms so fair, that you should not hesitate to send the free coupon *TO-DAY.*

Free Information Coupon.

Brooks Appliance Company, Ltd.

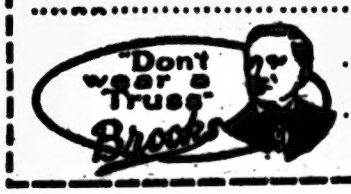
(1762J) 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture, and your trial offer.

Name .....

Address .....

.....



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Please write plainly.

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